1283

The Orchestra

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

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No. 30, VOL. II. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864. (Stamped) 4d. (Unstamped) 3d.

ENGLISH GLEE AND OPERA UNION. Madame Bennett Gilbert, Miss Alice Golding, Mr. Stanley Mayo, and Mr. Abraham Thomas. Conductor, Dr. Bennett Gilbert. Terms and Programmes for selection may be had on application to Mr. Stanley Mayo, 116, Camberwell New Road, S.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will return to town This Day, for the Season. 2, CRESCENT-PLACE, Burton-Crescent, W.C.

MDLLE. ELENA ANGÈLE begs to announce her SOIRÉE MUSICALE at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, Harley-street, on WEDNESDAY, May 18th. Programmes and Tickets (single, 10s. 6d., to admit three, 21s.), at Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; or of Mdlle. Angèle, 14, Margaret-street, W.

MISS KATE GORDON (PIANISTE), will Play Weber's "L'invitation pour la Valse," at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater, April 23rd. Communications for Engagements at Concerts or Lessons to be addressed to her residence, 82, ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD, Warwick-square, Belgravia.

TERCENTENARY OF SHAKESPERE AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

MISS ELLA STAUNTON begs to remind her numerous Friends and Patrons that she is open to receive engagements for the above, in Town or Country. Gravesend, 25th and 26th of April; Beaufort House, May 3rd. Nan in "Good for Nothing." Early dates are requested. Address, 2, ST. MARK'S GROVE, West Brompton, S.W.

MDME. CZERNY (Soprano) requests that all Communications respecting Engagements and Pupils be addressed to her residence, 29, CAVE'S-TERRACE, New Road, Hammersmith, W., or to Messrs. CRAMER, WOOD & Co., 201, Regent-street,

MDLLE. LINAS MARTORELLE has arrived in Town (from the Opera, Barcelona) for the Season. All communications respecting Concerts, &c., to be addressed 77, CONNAUGHT TERRACE, Hyde Park.

MDLLE. LOUISE VAN NOORDEN (Soprano). Communications respecting Engagements in town and country to be addressed to 115, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, Bloomsbury Square. Her Annual Concert will take place early in June, under distinguished patronage, of which full particulars will be duly announced.

MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT) will give her FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL (varied by vocal music) on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 7, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's-street. Tickets 7s. and 5s., to be had of the principal Music Sellers and of Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, 40, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MDLLE. CORBARI (formerly of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden) has returned to town. Communications, respecting vocal tuition or engagements, to be addressed, care of Messrs. CRAMER, WOOD & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MADAME WINTER (PIANISTE), begs that all communications referring to Concert Engagements or to Pupils, may be addressed to her, 49, CARLTON ROAD, Maida Vale, or at Messrs. CRAMER, WOOD & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MISS LEFFLER requests that all communications for Concert Engagements and from Pupils be addressed to her at 34, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, Russell-square, W.C., or care of Messrs. CRAMER, WOOD & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE (as "ORPHEUS") will Sing her New Song, "EURYDICE," written by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Music by J. F. Duggan, at the PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, Birmingham, Easter, one month.

MR. H. V. LEWIS (R.A.M.), late Pupil of Mr. Cipriani Potter, Professor of the Pianoforte, Singing, and Organ; Concert Accompanyist. 3, KENSINGTON-PARK TERRACE, North, Notting Hill.

PUPIL FOR THE STAGE.—A Lady or Gentleman desirous of studying for the Theatrical Profession can be privately instructed by Mr. COE, Stage Director, Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Music, Dancing, and Fencing taught by Masters of known ability. A CLASS for Elocution and Dramatic Reading every Saturday, at 3 o'clock. Lessons to Amateurs in Stage Business, &c. 7, JERMYN-STREET, St. James's.

WILLIE PAPE, PIANIST. For public or private engagements, address, 9, SOHO-SQUARE. His Pianoforte Recital will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, May 13th, Friday Evening, consisting of selections from classic and popular authors.

MR. D. BREWSTER WYLIE (Tenor) begs to announce his return from Florence. Communications respecting Engagements, &c., to be addressed, care of CRAMER, WOOD & Co., 201, Regent-street, W.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist, Bass (late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's). Communications respecting Concert and Oratorio engagements to be addressed to 34, OLD ELVET, Durham.

MR. T. W. EDMONDS'S (of the Princess's and Lyceum Theatres) Theatrical Agency, 25, Wellington Street, Strand. Office hours 11 to 3. Pupils prepared for the Stage.

CHARLES SALAMAN'S

NEW PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Twilight thoughts	4s. 0d.
Joy	3s. 0d.

"There is no metaphor we do not feel tempted to employ to explain our appreciation of these pieces. The oasis in the desert is as nothing compared to the real relief experienced by a perusal of these compositions. Accustomed, as we are, to see nothing but *good music* from Mr. Salaman's pen, and *exigeant* as he has taught us to be, these little pieces come upon us with such freshness, so much fullness, so much vigour, as though they were the first works of an unknown man. Both are lovely compositions; both betray the master-hand not only in every bar, in every modulation, accompaniment, and device, but in their general design and construction."—*Orchestra*, March 5, 1864.

London: ASHDOWN & PARRY, 18, Hanover-square.

MDLLE. GEORGI has the honor to announce that she will give a MATINÉE MUSICALE, on FRIDAY, the 13th of May, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover square, under the following distinguished patronage:—

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF NORFOLK and THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland.	The Lady Caroline Neville.
The Duchess of Argyll.	The Lady Anne Beckett.
The Duchess of Manchester.	The Lady Mary Wood.
The Marchioness of Kildare.	The Lady Hester Leeke.
The Conts. Constance Grosvenor.	Lady Lifford.
The Countess of Abergavenny.	Lady Wenslcydale.
The Viscountess Neville.	Lady Graham Montgomery.
The Lady Caroline Lascelles.	Lady Parker.
The Lady Foley.	The Lady Mayoress.
The Lady Adeliza Manners.	Mrs. Arthur Potts.
The Lady Leigh.	Mrs. Bishop Culpeper.
The Lady Taunton.	Mrs. Herbert Ingram.
The Lady Bagot.	Mrs. Beaumont.
The Lady Jane Repton.	Mrs. Tucker.
The Lady Mary Fox.	Miss Holliday.

Mdlle. Georgi will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Mdme. Arabella Goddard, Mdlle. Constance Georgi, and Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington; Signor Sivori, Mr. Lazarus, and Signori Geremia Bettini. Conductors—Signor Arditi, Mr. George Lake, Mr. Emile Berger, and Mr. Benedict. Commence at 3. Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.: Tickets, 5s. To be obtained of Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.; Messrs. Chappell & Co.; Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.; Messrs. Cock & Hutchings; Messrs. Ollivier; and at Austin's Ticket Office; of Mr. Payne, Hanover-square Rooms; and of Messrs. Duncan, Davison & Co., 244, Regent-street; and Sams' Library.

MR. FREDERIC BOSCOVITCH (the HUNGARIAN PIANISTE) begs to announce FOUR PIANOFORTE RECITALS at Messrs. COLLARD & COLLARD'S CONCERT ROOMS, on April 29th, May 13th, May 27th, and June 3rd, upon Gounod's Opera, "Faust." Tickets, £1 1s. and £2 2s., at Ollivier & Co., 19, Old Bond-street, W.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that his three MATINEES OF CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, on Mondays, APRIL 25th, MAY 9th, and JUNE 6th, commencing at Three o'clock. Violin, M. Sainton and Herr Pollitzer; Viola, Mr. H. Webb and Mr. Clementi; Violoncello, Signor Pezze; Contrabasso, Mr. C. Severn; Pianoforte, Mr. Deacon Two Vocal Pieces will be given at each Matinée. Tickets for the Series, Reserved, £1 1s.; Unreserved, 15s.; Tickets to admit Three to a Single Matinée, Reserved, £1 1s.; Unreserved, 15s.; Single Tickets, Reserved, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Messrs. Ollivier & Co., 19, Old Bond-street; of the principal Music Sellers; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Deacon, 10, Wimpole Street.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. Herr WILLEM COENEN begs to announce that his MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place at the above Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, May 4th, 1864, at Three o'clock precisely, assisted by the following eminent artistes—Vocalists, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme. Shepherd Ley. Instrumentalists, Violin, Signor Sivori: Pianoforte, Herr Willem Coenen; Harmonium, Mons. Lemmens. Conductor, Mons. Lemmens. Kirkman's Pianoforte. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Ticket to Admit Three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, 7s.; to be had of Herr WILLEM COENEN, 105, Great Portland Street, and of EWER & Co., Regent Street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, April 25th, and every evening at 8 (excepting Saturday), Saturday Morning at 3, Miss WENTWORTH, with Miss BROUGHAM and Mr. BARNARD, will give her NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, consisting of a series of Comical and Serious Illustrations, comprising appropriate and descriptive Songs, Duets, and Trios, entitled LA BAGATELLE. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. Places secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY will appear at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in his New Entertainment, entitled, PARIS, and Mrs. BROWN AT THE PLAY, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight, and Saturday Mornings at Three. Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office at the Hall open between the hours of Eleven and Five daily.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL, Stratford-on-Avon, APRIL 23rd, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1864.—SPECIAL TRAINS will run from

London	Birmingham	Worcester
Reading	Wolverhampton	Malvern
Oxford	Leamington	Dudley.

Returning every evening after the Performances. For particulars see time bill's, obtainable at the Company's offices and stations.

Return Tickets to Stratford-on-Avon issued on Friday, 22nd April, and intervening days, will be available until Monday, 2nd May, inclusive.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

Paddington, 7th April, 1864.

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND." New Part Song: S. T. A. B. Words from SHAKESPEARE. Music by E. R. SCHACHER.

ADDISON, HOLLIER & LUCAS, 210, Regent-street

NEW MUSIC BY FRIEDRICH MANN (Pupil of Theodore Kullak). Op. 9, La Gracieuse, Morceau élégant et non difficile, 2s. 6d.; op. 10, "Barcarolle," Morceau de Salon, 3s.; op. 11, Valse Brillante, "La Camelia," 3s.; op. 12, "Louise," Mazurka, 2s. 6d. W. R. WATSON, 55, Rathbone-place, W., or at COPLEY & Co.'s, Westbourne-grove, W.

"FIRE-AWAY!" Galop. By J. de JASIENSKI. 3s. W. R. WATSON, 55, Rathbone-place, W., or at COPLEY & Co.'s, Westbourne-grove, W.

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Renewal of the celebrated Petite Comedy, MY PRESERVER, in which Miss Eliza Johnstone made her first appearance here. This EVENING, Saturday April 23rd the performance will commence at 7, with the celebrated Petite Comedy, by H. J. Craven, Esq., entitled MY PRESERVER, in which will appear Messrs. H. T. Turner, Belford, Parselle, Edge, Frederick; Miss L. Thorne, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Miss Maria Simpson, Mrs. Manders, and Miss Wallace. Followed by the Balcony Scene from ROMEO and JULIET; Romeo, Miss Ada Swanborough; Juliet, Miss Marie Wilton. After which the Fifth Act of Shakespeare's Comedy of MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. To conclude with, for the Last Time, the New and Original Burlesque Extravaganza, entitled ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE, a Comical, Classical, Love Tale, in which will appear, Messrs. D. James, G. Honey, Sydney, Brooks, Norton, Edge, Thompson, Waters, C. Fenton, A. Wood, and Master Newham; Misses Marie Wilton, Weston, Ledgers, Wallace, F. Hughes, Ada Swanborough, and M. Simpson. Box-office open from 11 to 5 Daily.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE,
DEAN STREET, SOHO.
Directress, Mrs. Charles Selby.

On MONDAY and during the week, to commence with a Little Piece of Extravagance, by Walter Gordon, Esq., AN ODD LOT. Messrs. Stephens, Phelps, Robins; Mrs. Charles Selby; Misses H. Pelham, E. Turtle. To be followed by an entirely new and original Extravaganza, by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled RUMPELSTILTSKIN; or, the WOMAN AT THE WHEEL. Principal Characters by Messrs. W. H. Stephens, F. Hughes, C. H. Fenton, J. Robins, E. Edmunds; Mrs. Charles Selby; Misses L. Maitland, Pelham, H. Pelham, A. Cavendish, Heron, Somers, Lindrose, N. Arnold, L. Darton, Rosina Wright, and the Corps de Ballet. To conclude with a new Comedietta in One Act, by Leicester Buckingham, Esq., called LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM, Messrs. Fenton, Lambert; Misses Brudenell, Langford, Bristow. Prices as usual. Commence at half-past 7 o'clock.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON. — SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, April 23rd, GRAND CONCERT, DRAMATIC READINGS, and GREAT DEMONSTRATION of the WORKING CLASSES. Doors open at Half-past 6, commence at Half-past 7. The following Music will be performed by Mdme. Parepa, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Stabbach, Mdme. Fanny Huddart, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Montem Smith, and the most eminent *artistes* in London, who have kindly volunteered their services:—The MUSIC of "MACBETH," "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," "TEMPEST," "AS YOU LIKE IT," besides other most celebrated and popular Shakespearean Songs, Concerted Pieces, &c. Band and Chorus of Two Thousand. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. DRAMATIC READINGS by James Bennett and Henry Marston, Esqrs., and other Artists of Celebrity. The whole of the Decorations, Hostelries, Colossal Centenary Bust, &c., will be retained to add to the festivity of the scene. This Entertainment will be under the immediate auspices of the "National Working Men's Committee." Admission, 1s.

By Order of the National Shakespeare Committee.

N.B.—Tickets and Places may be secured, without extra charge, and every information obtained at the Ticket Office, Agricultural Hall, under the superintendence of Mr. Austin (from St. James's Hall), between the hours of Ten and Five daily.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. AUSTIN begs respectfully to announce that his BENEFIT CONCERT will take place on Tuesday Evening, May 3rd, 1864, on which occasion the following eminent artistes will appear:

Vocalists:—Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Renwick; Madame Parepa, Miss Marian Moss, and Miss Edith Wynne.

Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mdlle. Madelaine Schiller (her First Appearance this Season); Harp, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (Harpist to the Queen), Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), Mr. Layland, Mr. George, Mr. Cheshire, and Mr. Compton; Violin, Signor Sivori. Choir of the Vocal Association and Band of Harps. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

To commence at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's-hall.

THE OXFORD.

THE "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," by OTTO NICOLAI; and "FAUST," by C. H. GOUNOD, DURING THIS WEEK. OPEN EVERY EVENING.

Admission — Area, 6d.; Stalls and Balcony, 1s.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d.

LA CASCADE DE SCHAFFOUSE, Valse de Salon à la Suisse, for Piano, by J. Philippe.

"This effective and brilliant composition, written in the "Tyrolienne" style, will prove a welcome addition to the musical treasury of every drawing-room, and promises to become popular both with amateurs and professionals."—*L. Reporter.*

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The Furies Galop. "	Solo	3s. 0d.

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*** Part II. treating of *Double Counterpoint, Imitation,* and *Fugue,* and completing the work, will follow shortly.

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FALSTAFF'S SONG, "Give me a cup of sack, boy," as sung by Mr. RANSFORD, with a full-length Portrait of himself as the Fat Knight. The music composed expressly for him by J. L. HATTON. Price 3s. Ransford and Son, 2, Princes Street, Oxford-circus.

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BISHOP'S MELODIES, by BRINLEY RICHARDS. 3s. each.
No. 1, MYNHEER VAN DUNCK.
No. 2, THE CHOUGH and CROW.
No. 3, TELL ME, MY HEART.
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SONNET
À
SHAKESPEARE.

Aujourd'hui célébrons Shâkespeare à grand Orchestre;
Le Cygne de l'Avon fut grand compositeur,
A l'harmonie il joint mélodie et douceur,
Les plus jolis motifs il les met en sequestre,

Et fait un chant divin du moindre chant terrestre.
D'Ariel admirez le langage enchanteur
Qui s'en va remuer tous les fibres du cœur
Soit qu'il soit à la dextre, ou bien à la senestre.

Shakespeare est le Mozart et le Händel des vers,
Il a sous le manteau de son vaste génie
Des chants mélodieux, des torrents d'harmonie,

Qui s'élèvent soudains pour charmer l'univers,
Sous son doigté vainqueur la musique est féconde,
Et par son art exquis, il empaume le monde!

Le Chevalier de Chatelain.

23 Avril, 1864.

Our Feuilleton.

No. XI.

CHAPTER I.

Night fell on the Vatican. It was not so much hurt by the fall as might have been imagined, considering the Vatican is rather hard a place to fall on. It was a Roman night, and very dark; and the interior of the palace was lit with those candles which are named from the city of their manufacture. Night, then (to impress the fact sternly on a frivolous public), was down on the Eternal City.

The Pope sat in his sumptuous apartment. Like the night, *he* was "down upon" the Eternal City too. It had been rather bumptious of late, had Rome, and a paternal ecclesiastical government had been compelled to clap a few patriots into prison, previous to converting them into brigands. It was a mode always in vogue in the States of the Church. If the Pope found a convertible patriot, he would pardon him on condition of his adopting brigandage. Once a brigand, the convert had a good chance of becoming a Cardinal.

CHAPTER II.

The Pope sat in the Vatican, while night (as somebody before remarked) was tumbling about the City. The Pope was very ill—labouring under chiropedal obstructions, which prevented him getting on one boot. We say *one* boot, because he only wore one, a foot being kept bare for the lips of the elect. He was in great pain; and occasionally he blessed the eyes of the saints and implored them to return the benedictions on his toes.

A lackey entered. "His Eminence the Cardinal Antonelli," said he.

"Admit him," said the Pope. And Cardinal Antonelli walked in.

"*Pax vobiscum, sanctissimus,*" said the haughty Cardinal, grovelling on the door-mat.

"Oh, that's all very well," returned his Holiness, "but you know very well that I have no *pacem* with these toes: may St. Peter ——"

"*Quomodo est vestræ pauperes pedes?*" enquired Antonelli.

"*Sacratæ malæ.*" exclaimed the Pope; "but shut up with Latin, and get up off that door mat. First, however, go through the usual ceremony." And the Pope held up his right foot, which was naked.

The proud Cardinal hesitated. "It's so awfully corny, your Holiness," said he.

"*Traditore!*" exclaimed Pio Nono, angrily. "Do you think it a greater hardship for you to kiss my toe than for me to bear a kiss, with my corns, too? Yet *I* endure the hardship for the sake of the Church."

The haughty minister bent his lips to the Holy Father's foot, and the moment his lips touched it the Holy Father let out so suddenly that the Cardinal's nose received a violent concussion. "That 'll teach you not to hesitate again, when the Church requires lip-service," said Pio Nono. "And now sit down."

So saying, the Pope signed him to remove the broad-brimmed hat he wore, and the successor of St. Peter and his faithful minister proceeded to make themselves comfortable.

CHAPTER III.

"Give it a name," said the Pope.

"Well your Holiness," replied Antonelli, "*factum est, nunquam bibo.*"

"Oh scissors!" replied Pius. "*Nomen datote,* can't you?"

"If I must, then, I should prefer *parvissimum ut est.*"

"*Rummum?*" asked the Pope.

"*Rummum non capio.*"

"*Brandium?*"

"*Malo brandium.*

"*Calidum cum?*" enquired His Holiness, with his hand on the bellrope.

"*Frigidum sine,*" Antonelli gently insinuated.

The Holy Father rang the bell, and a monk answered it. "Where is Anselmo, my son?" he asked in Italian.

"Is it Anselmo, yer Holiness?" repeated the monk in the same language, but with a slight northern accent. "Och thin, by jabers, it's out the baste is intirely, gallivantin' wid the Benedictine Brithren—savin' your sacred prisince, bad luck to him!"

"Anselmo without our walls?" exclaimed the Pope. "Humph."

"It's his Sunday out, plaze your Holiness," returned the monk.

"*Bene.* Then bring up the kettle for me and some cold water for his Eminence." And the obedient monk vanished.

CHAPTER IV.

"By the way, Pius," said the Cardinal confidentially, "I want you to do me a favor."

"*Perge caput, senex puer,*" the Pope affably rejoined.

"I'm afraid you'll object at first," said the Minister, mixing himself a third glass; "but the fact is I ask it more on political grounds than any other—excepting perhaps the grounds of Cardinal Merode. You see, *caro Papa,* the people are set upon the thing, and your obstinacy has riled them a good deal lately. Now *vox populi* is occasionally——"

"*Vox diavoli!*" exclaimed the Pope angrily. "I hate him and all his works; also the world; likewise the flesh."

The astute Cardinal winked. "Yes, *we* know all about that. But I was talking about the people. Now the people are set upon the thing, and large crowds went to the Pincio to see him go up, but he didn't. Merode has offered him his place, the Macao; and what I want is to get you to go and lend countenance to the affair—eh, Pius, dear boy?"

"What the dev——*Peccavi*: what the Saints are you talking about, Tony?" asked the Holy Father, staring.

"Why about the ascent of the acrobat from England, Blondin," replied the Cardinal.

At the mention of the word Blondin, the Holy Father flew into an awful rage. He jumped off his chair; he upset his rummer; he stamped about the room, regardless of the excruciating pain in his feet. "Blondin!" he cried. "Blondin! The infamous friend of the infamous Victor Emmanuel—*sceleratus—excommunicatus!* Has not that heretic and accursed monarch taken the Englishman under his protection, and shall I be dictated to by that foe to our holy Church?—I won't have him here—he shal go from Rome—he shall go to purgatory! May he be ——"

"Oh, come, Pius, we need not keep up that sort of thing between *us,* you know; keep the cursing ceremony for St. Peter's," said Antonelli, coolly.

The tone was a cynical one, but it had the effect of calming the Pope. "I did not expect this from *you,* Tony," said he, feebly; "this is unkind; it—it—isn't Christian—I feel it—oh, I do feel it;" and the Holy Father laid his head on the table, and wept dismally.

"Oh, hang it," said the Cardinal, "I didn't mean to hurt you. Nay, smile again my bonny Pius, prithee smile again. Let me wipe those sacred but somewhat watery eyes." So saying, the Cardinal applied the tassels of his hat to the consecrated object.

The Pope's sobs became less frequent, and when Antonelli had mixed him another tumbler, and clapped him on the back, the Holy Father lifted his head from the table, and smiled tearfully.

"Cheer up," said the Cardinal. "Cheer up, Holy Father!"

The Holy Father cheered up.

"Is it all right?" asked the Minister. "Is it 'on' between you and me?"

"It is, Tony; it is, my dear boy," replied Pius; "but one thing you must promise, now that we are at peace—one thing, just to conciliate me."

"What's that?" asked the Cardinal.

"Kiss my toe."

"Oh! but, hang it!—I *have* kissed it once," said the Cardinal, remonstratively.

"Tony," returned his Holiness, "a well-disposed Catholic never objects to honour the Father of the Church. The early martyrs did not enjoy the privilege, but we have improved on *them.* The progress of the Church—the Christian's progress——"

"I don't know about that," the Cardinal replied, as he got off his knees and wiped his mouth after the operation; "I don't know about the Christian's progress, but this ceremony reminds me of the Pilgrim's Progress."

"Why so?"

"It's so confoundedly suggestive of Bunion."

CHAPTER V.

They mixed a fifth glass each.

They were getting very amicable indeed; the Pope, in fact, was growing affectionate. He insisted that the Cardinal should sit on his knee, take a whiff from his long pipe. The Cardinal accordingly did, and then his Holiness insisted on taking a whiff from the Cardinal's pipe, and then he begged his faithful minister to sit on his lap, and called him a jolly old Eminence. In short, the Pope was getting maudlin.

"I shay, old fell'r," said he with a smile so stretched, that it looked as if he had begun to smile and forgotten to leave off; "wha' 'bout Blondin?"

"Well, Holy, I want you to see him."

"Couldn't see heretic, y'know."

"But Blondin's a Catholic," replied Antonelli, playing with the Papal ear, and pulling it about.

"Oh izze?—oh, verwell, then. Thaz quira diffra soring. "Kish me, Tony."

"No, no. I can't," the Cardinal answered.

"Kish um Popey! Oh, Tony won't kish um's Papa Pio!" wailed the Holy Father.

"I'll see you—— canonised first, before I kiss you," exclaimed the Cardinal indignantly. "What a fellow you are!"

The Pope burst into tears.

"Oh come, come," remonstrated the Cardinal; "I shall get off your lap, if this goes on. How about Blondin?"

"I'll shee him, my boy," replied Pius tearfully, "I'll do anything you wish. Ring the bell."

The Cardinal rang, and the Pope dried his eyes, as the monk again entered.

"Father Maloney," said the Pope holding on by

the mantelpiece, and looking sternly on the monk, "Se—sen—send to Car'nal Merode's palace, and ask Blondin to sht—I mean, step—across to see me—at least Us. *Vade—cito!*"

The monk departed, and Antonelli shook up the Pope, and set his skull cap straight, and made him drink a bottle of soda-water. For the Cardinal himself had a strong head for liquor.

"Tony," whispered the Holy Father, "you will find my tiara in the cupboard; reach it out."

"What for?" asked Antonelli.

"To put it on before Blondin comes."

"Pooh, pooh, you look well enough; only keep your cap straight, and don't slaver, but try and look dignified, if you can," returned his counsellor.

The monk reappeared, and flung open the door.

"*Il nobil Signore* BLONDINO!"

(To be concluded next week.)

QUERY.—Can you inform your readers whence come the multitudinous ways of spelling Shakespeare's name, *i.e.*, Shakspere, Shakespere, Shakspear, Shakspeare, and Shakespeare. The last one, I believe, is correct, and is adopted by Staunton, Cowden Clark, Dyce, Wright, *The Orchestra*, &c., and is found in the Folio Edition of 1623, but Knight and many others adopt the other "divers ways," and give fac-similes of his "undoubted" signature as being "Shakspere." I have before me just now the anomalous circumstance of a periodical (a small one) spelling his name in all possible ways. From some innate cause, I generally shudder at, and am certainly prejudiced against all editions that (as I fancy) mis-spell his name. *The Orchestra*, as it is deep in Shakespeare lore, can perhaps afford instruction to some of its readers on this point.

A READER.

[*** We print our correspondent's query for the benefit of such of our literary readers as may have any information to impart. As far as our own knowledge goes, Shakespeare himself was uncertain or indifferent as to the spelling of his name. In his age orthography was very arbitrary—even the orthography of proper names. Thus, in the Stratford register we find the word spelt SHAKSPERE, a spelling which is repeated in the entry of baptism of his children and of his own burial. His own signature was ordinarily too indistinct to afford any evidence; but the British Museum has preserved an autograph in which the letters forming SHAKSPERE are pretty distinct, while a mortgage deed held by the Corporation of London is signed SHAKSPER. In the early editions of his plays the name is variously spelt, and varied with the age. In "*Loues Labors Lost*," 1598, it is spelt SHAKESPERE; in "*Much Adoe About Nothing*," 1600, it is SHAKESPEARE; in "*Ye tragicalle Historie of Hamlet*," 1603, SHAKE-SPEARE; in "*King Lear*," 1608, SHAK-SPEARE; while an "*Account of the Revels at Court*," published by the Shakespeare Society, testifies that "on St. Steuen's Night, in the Hall, a Play called '*Mesur for Mesur*' was performed," and the name of "Ye Poet wch mayd ye plaies" is given SHAXBERD! We have adopted our mode of spelling on the logical axiom of division that "the greater contains the less;" for the form SHAKESPEARE contains all the other forms, except perhaps SHAXBERD, which we commend to our correspondent, if he approve of originality.—ED.]

MOZART'S RETENTIVE MEMORY.—When Mozart was at Rome, he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the celebrated "*Miserere*" of Allegri, of which every one was forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to take a copy. Apprised of this, the ingenious German placed himself in a retired corner of the building, where he could have his thoughts to himself, and gave his closest attention to every bar. When the performance was over, he hurried home, his head charged with what he had heard; and, by memory, wrote down the whole of that elaborate composition. Some days after, at a concert, he sat down to a harpsichord, and accompanying himself, sung a part of Allegri's "*Miserere*." The profound knowledge of music, and wonderful power of retention, evinced by this extraordinary circumstance, drew upon Mozart the attention of all Rome. His Holiness, hearing of it, caused the young musician to be presented to him-when, instead of reprimanding his evasion of the sacred prohibition, he had the liberality to receive him in the most gracious manner, and to create him a Chevalier of the Golden Spur.

Music.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The third concert took place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when the following attractive program was performed:—

PART I.

Overture, ...(*The Isles of Fingal*)..... *Mendelssohn*
Aria, "*Ah! Rendimi quel core*" (*Mitrane*) .... *Francesco Rossi* (1686)
Mdlle. Bettelheim.
Concerto, in G, Op. 46, Concertina, (Composed expressly for Signor GIULIO REGONDI), ... *Molique*
1. Allegro con fuoco. 2. Andante. 3. Allegro molto.
Signor Giulio Regondi.
Romanze, "*Einst träumte meiner selgen Base,*" } "*Der Frei-*
Aria, "*Trube Augen, Liebchen, taugen,*" ..... } *schütz,*" *Weber*
Mdlle. Liebhart.
Viola Obbligato, Mr. Richard Blagrove.
Overture, "*As You Like It*" ..... *Harold Thomas*
(First time of Performance).

PART II.

Symphony in E flat, ... *Mozart*
1. Adagio-Allegro. 2. Adagio. 3 Menuetto and Trio. 4. Allegro molto.
Cavatina, "*Maria de Rohan*" ..... *Donizetti*
Mdlle. Bettelheim.
Serenade and Rondo Gioiso, Pianoforte, Herr Ernest Pauer ..... *Mendelssohn*
Aria, "*Voi che sapete*" "*Le Nozze de Figaro*" ..... *Mozart*
Mdlle. Liebhart.
Overture, "*The Ruler of the Spirits*" ..... *Weber*
Conductor - Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Although a good selection, there was little in the way of novelty to induce any excitement, or the usual large attendance of professional members. The only work heard for the first time in public was the overture of Mr. Harold Thomas, a decidedly clever composition, to which we drew attention after a first hearing at the private trial of new works in February last. It is only wanting in comic humour; otherwise as the composition of a young writer it is worthy of high praise. Mendelssohn's picturesquely beautiful overture was most admirably given, and deservedly applauded. The concerto for concertina of Herr Molique is, from its great difficulty, only heard when Signor Regondi can be induced to make one of his "few and far-between" appearances. As a composition it is most masterly, though perhaps wanting in originality; the commencement of the *andante* movement reminding us strongly of the "*Agnus Dei*" in Haydn's Third Mass, and the finale of that from Mendelssohn's violin concerto. It was from first to last so exquisitely performed as to create quite a sensation. The Mozart symphony was another thoroughly enjoyable treat, and evidently appreciated as its performance deserved. The first allegro was however taken a shade too slow to produce the intended relief to the majestic opening, otherwise it was perfect. But for its length the whole symphony would have been encored; as it was, the audience insisted on a repetition of the menuetto and trio. Mendelssohn's serenade and rondo, a work not so well known as it deserves to be, was given *con amore* by Herr Pauer, and would have produced effect had it come earlier in the evening. The magnificent overture of Weber contrasted well with the previous works, and made a capital finish. In the vocal music, the first appearance in the concert room of Mdlle. Bettelheim was specially noticeable. This young lady has been very successful in opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, and promises a brilliant future, possessing as she does all the personal and vocal acquirements. In the opening of Rossi's fine aria, she proved herself a thorough artist; in the latter portion some slight inequality of voice was perceptible, and too great a tendency to display low notes. Her rendering of the seldom heard cavatina of Donizetti was good, and induced an encore. Mdlle. Liebhart affected much and effected nothing in either of her pieces. Mr. Alfred Mellon conducted throughout with his usual energy. We cannot help thinking the council might have endeavoured to give some work of importance, which in these Shakespearian days would have been doubly interesting. There could have been no difficulty in the way to prevent such works as the "*Romeo and Juliet*" symphony of Berlioz, the "*King Lear*" overture, or the "*Fantasie sur la Tempête*" with pianoforte duet and orchestra, and by the same master, from being done. Any of these would have been welcome and *apropos*. We would before closing our remarks, draw attention to several inaccuracies in the announcements of the society's arrangements. At the last trial of new works, the hour of commencement was announced in the program to be *eight* o'clock, and on the member's ticket *half-past*. Again on Wednesday's program we observe, after announcing the fourth concert for June 15th, that "*tickets are not transferable, nor evening dress necessary:*" this we presume (in accordance with the society's regulations), refers to the orchestral trial on May 18th. Such contradictory announcements are calculated to mislead the frequenters of the Musical Society's concerts.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Concert at this hall came off last night (Friday). This week we can, of course, only subjoin the extensive program:—

Overture, "*As You Like It*," ..... *Harold Thomas.*
Part Song, "Hark! hark! the lark," (*Cymbeline*).... *Dr. Cooke.*
By the Choir of the Vocal Association.
Song, " ," .....
Mr. Patey.
Song, "Bid me discourse," (*Venus and Adonis*)..... *Bishop.*
Madame E. L. Williams,
(Eos Cymra).
Song, "Who is Silvia?" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*) .. *Schubert.*
Miss Julia Elton.
Song, "Come, thou monarch of the vine,"..... *Weiss.*
Mr. Weiss.
Air, "Orpheus with his lute," (*Henry the Eighth*) *Virginia Gabriel.*
Mr. Wilbye Cooper.
(Accompanied by the Composer.)
Song, "The daisies pied and violets blue,
(The cuckoo song) (*Love's Labour Lost*)..... *Arne.*
Madame Rudersdorff.
Song, "She never told her love," (*Twelfth Night*)..... *Haydn.*
Madame Fanny Huddart.
Song, "Under the greenwood tree," (*As You Like It*).... *Arne.*
Mr. Santley.
Aria, "Deh vieni"..... *Mozart.*
Mademoiselle Titiens.
Aria, "Spirto Gentil" ..... *Donizetti.*
Signor Giuglini.
Aria, "Non più andrai" ..... *Mozart.*
Signor Gassier.
Duet, "Suona la tomba," (*Lucia*) ..... *Donizetti.*
Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini.

DRAMATIC RECITAL by MRS. MACREADY.
"*The Merchant of Venice.*"
Act IV., Scene 1, "The Trial Scene."

Overture, "*The Tempest*"..... *Benedict.*
Air and Chorus, "Come unto these yellow sands,"
(*The Tempest*) ..... *Purcell.*
Madame Weiss.
Air and Chorus, "Full fathom five," (*Tempest*).... ... *Purcell.*
Miss E. Heywood.
Overture to Act IV., (*The Tempest*) *Arthur Sullivan.*
Banquet Dance.
Duet with Chorus.
Honour, riches, marriage blessing," *do.* *do.*
Madame Louisa Vinning and Miss Banks.
Dance of Nymphs and Reapers..... *do.* *do.*
Song, "Where the bee sucks," ..... *do.* *do.*
Madame Louisa Vinning.
Part Song, "It was a lover and his lass," (*As You Like It*) ..... *E. Loder.*
By the Orpheus Glee Union.
Song, "Even as the sun," (*Venus and Adonis*) .... *C. E. Horn.*
Mdlle. Louise Liebhart.
(From the Imperial Opera, Vienna.)
Clarionet Obbligato, ... Mr. Lazarus.
Song, " ,
Mr. Renwick.
Song, "Should he upbraid," (*Taming of the Shrew*) *Sir H. Bishop.*
Madame Rudersdorff.
Canzonet, "If music be the food of love, play on,"
(*Twelfth Night*) ..... *Clifton.*
Miss Mina Poole.
Overture, "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" ..... *Mendelssohn.*
Scherzo, "Instrumental" ..... *Mendelssohn*
Duet with Chorus, "Ye spotted snakes"..... *Mendelssohn.*
Miss Mina Poole and Miss E. Heywood.

DRAMATIC RECITAL by MRS. MACREADY.
"*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*"
Act II., Scene 2.

Wedding March, ... *Mendelssohn.*
By the Orchestra.
Organist,.....Mr. F. Archer.
Accompanyist,.....Signor Alberto Randegger.
Conductor.....Mr. Benedict.

AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—The Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival Concert came off here on Thursday evening, with a bill comprising a list of artists and a chorus and orchestra such as are seldom got together, except on occasions like the present, in London. The following appropriate program was selected for the occasion:—

PART I.

Overture, "*Romeo and Juliet*"..... *G. A. Macfarren.*
Part Song, "The cloud capt towers"..... *Stevens.*
By the Choir.
Song, "Should he upbraid"..... *Sir H. Bishop.*
Mdme. E. Williams.
Song, "When icicles hang on the wall" (*Love's Labour Lost*) ..... *Arne.*
Mr. Renwick.
Song, "Under the greenwood tree" (*As You Like It*).... *Arne.*
Mdme. Fanny Huddart.
Part Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (*King Henry VIII.*)..... *G. A. Macfarren.*
By the Choir.
Song, "The thorn"..... *Shield.*
Mr. G. Perren.
Duet, "I know a bank" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*) *C. E. Horn.*
Mdme. Parepa and Madame Sainton.
Canzonet, "She never told her love" (*Twelfth Night*).. *Haydn.*
Miss Palmer.
Song, "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind" (*As You Like It*).. *Arne.*
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Serenade, "Hark! hark! the lark" (*Cymbeline*).... *Schubert.*
Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
DRAMATIC RECITAL, by the Eminent Tragedian, Mr. PHELPS, First Act of "*The Tempest.*"
Miss Cicely Nott, Miss E. Heywood, and Chorus.
Song and Chorus, "Come unto these yellow sands"..... *Arne.*
Miss Cicely Nott.
Song and Chorus, "Full fathom five"..... *Arne.*
Miss E. Heywood.
Song, "O, bid your faithful Ariel"..... *Linley.*
Miss Stabbach.
Duet with Chorus, "Honour, riches, marriage blessing."..... *A. Sullivan.*
Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Cicely Nott.
Song, "Where the bee sucks"..... *A. Sullivan.*
Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.

Song and Chorus, "England's Minstrel King" *G. A. Macfarren.*
(The Words by Linnæus Banks, Esq. Composed expressly for the occasion.)
Mdme. Parepa.

PART II.

Overture, "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*"..... *Otto Nicolai.*
Song, "Sigh no more, ladies" (*Much Ado about Nothing*) *Arne.*
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Song, "Who is Sylvia?" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*).. *Schubert.*
Mdme. Sainton-Dolby.
Air, "Bid me discourse" (*Venus and Adonis*).... *Sir H. Bishop.*
Mdme. Parepa.
Song, "Falstaff's song" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*).... *Nicolai.*
Mr. Lewis Thomas and Chorus.
The music to "*Macbeth*"..... *Locke.*
Solos by Miss Stabbach, Miss E. Heywood, and Miss Cicely Nott.
Hecate, Mr. Weiss.

Symphony.
Recit, "Speak, sister, speak."
Chorus, "He must, he must, he shall spill much more blood."
Solo, *Hecate*, "Now let's dance."
Chorus, "We should rejoice."
Solo, *Hecate*, "When winds and waves."
Air, *1st Witch*, "Let's have a dance."
Chorus, "At the night raven's dismal voice."
Recit., *Hecate*, "Come away; hark, hark! I'm called."
Air, "My little airy spirit."
Chorus, "Come away."
Air, *Hecate*, "Now I go, now I fly."
Chorus, "We fly by night.
Symphony.

The "Cauldron" scene.

Recit., *Hecate*, "Black spirits and white."
Chorus, "Round, around about."
Recit., *1st Witch*, "Here's the blood of a bat."
Chorus, "Put in all these."
Chorus, "Round, around about."
Chorus, "What shall he have that killed the deer?" (*As You Like It*) ..... *Bishop.*
Conductor.....Mr. Benedict.

At the eleventh hour it transpired that Mr. Sims Reeves would not be able, from throat-illness, to sing. However, a pretty numerous audience more than half filled the hall on Thursday evening, a demi-success scarcely merited by the bungling and ill-managed arrangements made for the Festival. The character of the evening's program and its performance may be indicated briefly by the expressive word "slow." Things did not go; singers were not there; Parepa did not turn up for her first piece—a duet with Sherrington; and the very nature of the program itself was monotonous in the extreme. Mr. Phelps received an ovation on his appearance in the orchestra, and at that supreme moment could only have wished that Fechter might be concealed somewhere in the gallery. The reading of an Act of the "*Tempest*" is at all times an arduous and thankless task, and on Thursday, Mr. Phelps himself found that his audience winced under Shakespeare unrelieved by costume and cast. Of the musical part of the program we cannot speak too highly. Messrs. Renwick and Perren were severally encored, a compliment likewise paid to Sherrington and Parepa, the latter of whom repeated Mr. Macfarren's new ode written by Mr. Banks. This composition is a plainly written English melody in common time, not unlike, in its opening bars, the celebrated "God bless the Prince of Wales," and is very effective in the orchestra. Mr. Benedict conducted and accompanied in his own masterly way, and the chorus and orchestra were both praiseworthy. We have no time or space for further detailed notice. The ball announced originally for last night (Friday) is postponed till Friday next week. This evening (Saturday) will be devoted to a demonstration of the working classes, including a concert mainly composed of the artists and pieces of Thursday evening.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. — At the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, the third concert of this society took place on Monday last, in connection with the Tercentenary Anniversary of the Birth of Shakespeare. We subjoin the program:—

PART I.

Overture, "*Coriolan*" ..... *Beethoven*
Canzonet, "She never told her love," Mrs. Lockey, "*Twelfth Night*" ..... *Haydn*
(Orchestral accompaniments by Mr. W. G. Cusins).
Concerto, Violin, Signor Sivori ..... *Paganini*
Air, "Where the bee sucks," Miss Banks "*The Tempest*" ..... *Arne*
Music to "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*:"—
Overture .....
Scherzo .....
Song, "You spotted snakes," Miss Banks and Mrs. Lockey; with Chorus ..... } *Mendelssohn*
Notturno, March, and Final Chorus .....

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale ..... *Beethoven*
Duetto, Miss Banks and Mrs. Lockey .....
Overture, "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" ..... *Nicolai*
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

The room was not by any means crowded. Amongst the visitors were the Princess Helena and Princess Louise and suite. A lack of interest—manifested by the frigid indifference of the audience throughout the evening—was characteristic of this performance, only interrupted by the *rentrée* of Sivori. The vocal music was, on the whole—out of compliment to Shakespeare—weak, although charmingly sung by Miss Banks and Mrs. Lockey. Perhaps the most finished performance of the evening was that of the majestic overture to "*Coriolanus*," in all respects rendered in the most masterly manner. Altogether we think the Philharmonic Society should have withheld their little mite from the Shakespeare offering.

COLLARD AND COLLARD'S CONCERT ROOMS.—The first of Miss Ellen Day's Pianoforte Recitals, (second series), came off on Wednesday last; pianoforte, Miss Ellen Day; violin, Mr. John Day; flute, Herr Svendsen; vocalist, Miss Stabbach. The following was the program:—

Sonata, c minor, (Pathétique), Pianoforte, ... *Beethoven*
Canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair" ..... *Haydn*
Nuits Blanches { No. 11, (G flat), Andante con Moto.... / No. 8, (F sharp minor), Allegro Appassionato ..... / No. 9, (in E), Allegretto con Grazia .. } *Stephen Heller*
Solo, Violin ..... *Dancla*
Song, "*Gretchen am Spinnrade*" (Margaret at the spinning wheel) ..... *Schubert*
Sonata, Pianoforte and Flute ..... *H. Westrop*
Song, "Bid me good bye" ..... *A. Schlæsser*
Invitation à la Valse, Pianoforte ..... *Weber*

CRAMER, WOOD & Co's CONCERT ROOMS.—Mdme. Winter's Matinée Musicale, took place on Tuesday. We subjoin the program:—

PART I.

Pianoforte Solo ..... "Alice" ..... *Asher*
Madame Winter.
Duo, Pianoforte and Violin "Sonata in F"..... *Beethoven*
Madame Winter, and Mr. W. Henri Eayres (Solo Violinist to Earl St. Germains).

PART II.

Pianoforte Solo.... "*Danse Napolitaine*"..... *Sydney Smith*
Madame Winter.
Song..... "Madoline" ..... *Nelson*
Mr. G. Tedder.
Solo Violin .... "*Romanza and Tarantella*" ..... *Sainton*
Mr. W. Henri Eayres.
Pianoforte..... "Home, sweet home" ..... *Thalbery*
Madame Winter.
Conductor—Mr. Emile Berger.

WEST LONDON SACRED CHORAL SOCIETY.—At the Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford-square, on Friday, (last night) was performed Haydn's oratorio, the "*Creation*," in aid of the Jubilee Fund of the West London Auxiliary Sunday School Union. Principal vocalists:—Miss Annette Hirst, Miss Marion, Mr. Ryder, Mr. S. Crome, supported by the usual band and chorus of one hundred performers. Conductor, Mr. H. C. Freeman.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The visit of Garibaldi on the 16th created an amount of enthusiasm in the five-shilling public which certainly has never been witnessed in the annals of the Crystal Palace. The hero of the day must have been gratified beyond measure at the perfectly spontaneous nature of his reception. This was, perhaps, the finest opportunity the public have yet enjoyed of leisurely gazing upon the modern "king maker." For upwards of an hour, he sat in the full view of many thousands of spectators, most of whom will, if opera glasses are of service, retain a distinct recollection of the General's features for the remainder of their natural lives. According to announcement there was a concert by members of the two great opera houses; but excepting in the case of these *morceaux* directly alluding to the great patriot, and Italian unity, the audience, generally, paid but little attention. Garibaldi came by road to the Palace, entering the grounds by Sir Joseph Paxton's gate, just before two o'clock. The concert was announced for half-past two, but began rather later. Those not in possession of reserved-seat tickets had taken up positions in the nave an hour and a half before, during which time they had ample opportunity to examine the pavilion, balcony, tent, or highly picturesque shower-bath-looking contrivance, built out from the south-east angle of the gallery. The Handel Orchestra held the Italian artists, band, chorus, and reserved-ticket holders. No better position for the balcony could possibly have been selected, as furnishing the best view of the General. A space at the corner of the gallery was enclosed with red cloth, and exactly at the angle the little platform was built; drapery in the tent form was arranged over this, and at the top was hung a wreath. On either side drooped an Italian tricolour banneret, and flanking these, two inscriptions in white letters on a red ground:—"*Viva Garibaldi*," and "*Viva l' Italia unita.*" When the General stepped into the balcony, the enthusiasm was immense, and it was some little time before the band and chorus dashed into the Garibaldian hymn. At its close, there was another tremendous outburst, which Garibaldi acknowledged with simple dignity. The deputation and privileged few stood in the gallery, while the General, his two sons, and the Duke of Sutherland, alone occupied the balcony. The popular excitement calmed down afterwards; and the concert proceeded, Garibaldi paying devout attention to the music. The audience seemed unable entirely to settle down, and at the conclusion of the duet "*Suoni la tromba*," (sung with splendid energy by Signor Graziani and Mr. Santley) the cheering was tremendous. They were compelled to repeat the duet.. "*La Garibaldina*," *canto nazionale*, bearing the name of Signor Arditi, followed, and was hailed with still more rapturous applause. Garibaldi here stood up and bowed in every direction. These ovations were in the highest degree imposing, but fell far short of that which greeted the General at the close of "God save the Queen." Holding by the gilt rail, he very briefly addressed the crowd in the transept and nave, but, of course, not a word was distinguishable. Some stentorian gentleman had previously held forth for two or three minutes in the orchestra. The General left the balcony, and the visitors began to settle themselves for the event of the day,—the presentation of a sword by the Italian committee. The expectant public were, however, not long in suspense upon that point, for the balcony was deserted, and from a cluster of gentlemen looking very much like a crowd standing round a fallen cab horse, it was clear the ceremony was going on within that charmed circle. On this assumption, visitors left the Palace, and thronged on the terraces. The great fountains played, but the very wretched afternoon spoilt the exhibition. Garibaldi appeared on one of the balconies, and waved his farewell till Monday. The public then confided themselves to the eccentric arrangements of the L. B. S. C. Railway, and reached home, in most cases, in time for church on Sunday morning. Mdlle. Vitali, Mdlle. Bettelheim, Mdlle. Rossi, Mdlle. Fricci, Signor Giuglini, Signor Neri-Beraldi, Mr. Santley, Signor Graziani, Signor Gasperoni, and Signor Mario, were the solo vocalists. Signor Arditi conducted the full orchestra and chorus.

Theatres.

1. COVENT GARDEN.

"*Guglielmo Tell*;" "*Norma*;" "*Masanielio*;" "*Trovatore.*"

Last Saturday evening, Rossini's great but arduous opera "*Tell*" was presented at this house, with the subjoined powerful cast:—*Mathilde*, Mdlle. Marie Battu; *Guglielmo Tell*, Signor Graziani (his first appearance in that character); *Jemmy*, Madame Rudersdorff; *Melcthal*, Signor Polonini; *Walter*, Herr Schmid (his second appearance in England); *Gessler*, Signor Tagliafico; *Un Pescatore*, Signor Neri Baraldi; and *Arnoldo*, Signor Wachtel (his first appearance in that character in England). Conductor, Mr. Costa. "*La Tyrolienne*" danced by Mdlle. Salvioni, Mdlle. Carmine, and Mdlle. Navarre. If the opera was not specially put on for Wachtel, his *Arnoldo* was certainly the feature of the revival. No music could have been written, on the one hand, better suited to the magnificent physical power of the German tenor, and no artist could have been—or has ever been found—better qualified, on the other hand, to do justice to Rossini's conceptions. The extreme difficulty of the tenor music of "*Tell*"—passing as it does from storm to repose in rapid alternation, demanding in the passionate "*Suivez-moi!*" and other *scene* the most vigorous and powerful voice, and again in the tender scenes with *Mathilde*, (who can forget the lovely "*Ah Mathilde io t'amo!*") requiring pathos and a sweet quality of tone, such as we look for and find in Mario or Giuglini. Tamberlik's *Arnoldo* was perhaps one of the most equal representations of that character ever given us; but Wachtel brings to his interpretation of the part that physical force, that pure fresh vigour, which in the older tenor were to a certain extent—and that unavoidably—lacking. Our opinion of Wachtel as expressed in our notice last week of his *Manrico* remains unchanged. He has much to learn; the *penetralia* of the temple of his Divine Art are not yet opened to him; but we are therefore very hopeful of his future, the more so that we are aware of the great difficulties he has had to contend with in the outset of his career. It was a mere accidental discovery of his great voice—just such another discovery as brought us Sims Reeves from the Woolwich barracks—that took Wachtel from the ranks of labouring men and put him on the lyric stage. His early nurture and surroundings were not such as the poet-singer of necessity demands; and it is all the more credit to him that, from un-opportunity and the most adverse associations, he has so rapidly (in the course, that is, of a few years) acquired the technical skill and the dramatic knowledge requisite to play—and play successfully—two such difficult parts as that of Verdi's *Manrico* and Rossini's *Arnoldo*. Signor Graziani can sing the music of "*Tell*" in a manner to please the most fastidious partisans of Faure; but he lacks dramatic force and the sympathetic faculty. This was perceptible in his *Conte di Luna*, and now again in his "*Tell*." Herr Schmid

(*Walther*) has really a glorious bass voice. He has been compared to Lablache — but this is absurd. Lablache was *the* bass *par excellence* of his age — possessing the power of a lion with the gentleness of the lamb, a combination, to break the metaphor, of thunder and April showers—a very Hercules *plus* an Apollo—the realised ideal, in fact, of a consummate artist. Herr Schmid has yet to prove that he possesses anything like the mental power of Lablache. There can be no doubt as to his voice—the physical power. It is great, and he is, moreover, an artist. All we stipulate for in criticising his appearance at present is this—a little more experience of his intellectuality. Mdlle. Battu's *Mathilde* was of the same calibre as her other impersonations—artistic to a certain extent, showing a will, if not an absolute ability, on the part of the artist. The important part of *Jemmy*, who has so much that is difficult in the concerted numbers of this opera, was entrusted to Mdlle. Rudersdorff, than whom we have no artist who could render it better, if indeed so well. Neri-Baraldi deserves encomium for his elegant interpretation of the "Fisher's Song;" and Signor Tagliafico made a capital stage tyrant as *Gessler*. The *ensemble* was in every respect admirable; the mounting of the opera exhibiting that taste and well directed expenditure characteristic of Mr. Gye's liberal management, and of Mr. Gye's artistic manager, Mr. G. Harris. Mr. Costa conducted in his usual finished manner. The incidental "Tyrolienne" was charmingly danced and sung. On the whole, we consider that "*Tell*" has never been put on any stage to greater effect than now at Covent Garden. It was repeated again on Tuesday night, and, as may be imagined, with great success. —— On Monday evening, the "Garibaldi visit" bill was renewed — videlicet, "*Norma*," with the same cast:—*Norma*, Mdlle. Emilia Lagrua; *Adalisa*, Mdlle. Marie Battu; *Pollio*, Signor Naudin; and *Oroveso*, Herr Schmid (his third appearance in England). After which, the two great acts (viz., the second and third) of Auber's celebrated opera, "*Masaniello*." *Fenella*, Mdlle. Salvioni; *Pietro*, Signor Graziani; *Borella*, Signor Polonini; *Selva*, Signor Fallar; and *Masaniello*, Signor Mario. On Thursday evening "*Trovatore*" was substituted for "*Un Ballo*," which had been announced. We have already noticed the "*Norma*," "*Masaniello*," and "*Trovatore*" in former numbers of this journal, and have nothing to add except that Signor Colonese supplants Graziani as the *Conte di Luna* in the last mentioned opera—a change, we think, for the better.

2. Her Majesty's.

"*Marta*;" "*Lucrezia Borgia*;" "*Trovatore*."

On Saturday evening last, in consequence (as the bills averred) of the indisposition of Signor Geremia Bettini, "*Norma*"—in which Mdlle. Tietjens was to have made her *rentrée*—was not produced, and Flotow's "*Marta*"—which we noticed last week—was repeated with the same cast.——On Tuesday evening, General Garibaldi honoured the house with his presence, when '*Lucrezia Borgia*" was put on with the following cast:—*Gennaro*, Signor Giuglini; *Il Duca Alfonso*, Signor Gassier (his first appearance this season); *Rustighello*, Signor Manfredi; *Liverotto*, Signor Mariotti; *Gubetta*, Signor Junca; *Petrucci*, Signor Casaboni; *Gazella*, Signor Bossi; *Vitelozzo*, Signor Bertacchi; *Maffeo Orsini*, Mdlle. Bettelheim (her first appearance in that character in England); and *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mdlle. Tietjens (her first appearance this season). Conductor, Signor Arditi. Between the acts of the opera were performed Arditi's new "*Canto Nazionale*" "*Madre Italia*," and "*Garibaldina*;" concluding (for the first time) with an entirely new ballet, in two tableaux, by Signor Magri, entitled "*Bacco ed Arianna*," in which Mdlle. Anaryvary and Signor Ammaturo appeared. The house was filled—but not by any means crowded—with a brilliant audience, assembled less to hear Tietjens in an old opera than to see Garibaldi in his great part of Hero. The illustrious Italian occupied a double box fitted up in the centre of the house, and decorated with his colours. He looked far from well, and did not come to the front of the box, except during the enthusiastic shouts which accompanied the performance of the now celebrated Italian Marseillaise, the "*Garibaldina*." The suite in attendance upon the General consisted of General Mordini (Dictator of Sicily), Colonel Missori, Colonel Chiosso, Colonel Peard (Garibaldi's "Englishman"), Lieut.-Colonel Chambers, Mr. H. Seely, M.P., Colonel Minotti Garibaldi, Colonel Ricciotti Garibaldi, Dr. Basile, and Mr. Negretti. Amongst the audience present on the occasion were: His Grace the Duke of Montrose, the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Wellington, the Duchess of Wellington and party, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Dudley, the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Marchioness of Clanricarde and party, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Marquis Balbe, the Marquis of Blandford, the Marchioness of Ely and party, the Marquis of Sligo and the Ladies Browne, the Countess of Macclesfield, the Earl and Countess De Grey, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, the Earl of Carlisle, K.G., the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, the Earl of Aylesford, the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, the Countess of Sefton and Lady Cecilia Molyneux, Mr. H. Seely, M.P., and Mrs. Seely and party, the Viscount Curzon, the Viscountess Gort, Lady H. Vane, Lady Mary Curzon, Lord Ernest Bruce, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Lord Sandys, Lord Mostyn. Mdlle. Tietjens received quite an ovation and an overpowering shower of bouquets. How well she can personate and sing the *Borgia*, or how tenderly Giuglini can play *Gennaro*, we require not to tell. Gassier as *Il Duca* did not produce an effect. His style is, as of old, wanting in that sympathetic quality which it is possible for the sternest baritones and bassi to exhibit. Fräulein Bettelheim is undoubtedly a favourite. With her good looks and animation she carries her audience. The *Brindisi* was unanimously encored, as was also Arditi's valse "*Colli Nativi*," introduced by Giuglini, and the trio "*Gudi se ti sfugge un moto*." The choreographic example in ballet of heathen mythology was tiresome in the extreme. Signor Ammaturo has certainly physical power to recommend him, and so likewise has the lady, Mdlle. Anaryvary, but the poetry, which is supposed to be inherent in *ballet*, was not immediately recognised by the house, who feebly applauded and left as the dancing proceeded. On Thursday Verdi's "*Trovatore*" was produced with the following cast:—*Manrico*, Signor Giuglini; *Il Conte di Luna*, Mr. Santley; *Ferrando*, Signor Gassier; *Ruiz*, Signor Mariotti; *Un Zingaro*, Signor Cassaboni; *Azucena*, Mdlle. Bettelheim; *Ines*, Madame Taccani; and *Leonora*, Mdlle. Titiens. The *ensemble* offered by Titiens, Giuglini, and Santley need no criticism from any one. It is enough to say that this performance was in all respects a finished study—dramatic and musical. It is a parallel of interest to contract the salient points of this opera simultaneously at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's; to notice how at the one house the interest is centred on physical power—at the other on perfect art-culture.

3. Drury Lane.

"*Henry IV*;" "*An April Fool*." "*My Heart's in the Highlands*.

4. Princess's.

"*Comedy of Errors*;" "*Donna Diana*;" "*Drawing-room, Second Floor, and Attics*."

Westland Marston's comedy "*Donna Diana*," produced at Christmas, has been played again during the week. The most elegant language possible will not compensate for an entire want of action, and this deficiency is much to be deplored in the case of "*Donna Diana*." Like the "fairy tales" alluded to in John Parry's song which "have been so oft repeated that their interest almost fails," the duel of words between *Don Cæsar* and *Donna Diana* becomes, in a slight degree, tedious. Mrs. Hermann Vezin bears the chief honours of the piece, and worthily too, for her delineation of the change from a cold unfeeling coquette, to a loving woman, is managed with much tact and refinement. Mdlle. Colas reappears as *Juliet* on Monday next. Mr. Ransford gives a Shakespeare Concert and Dramatic Performance on Thursday evening next. The performances will commence with Shakespeare's "*Comedy of Errors*," with a new Shakespearian overture, composed and arranged expressly for the occasion, by Mr. Charles Hall. To be followed by a vocal and instrumental concert, the vocalists being Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Poole, Miss Ransford, Madame Weiss, and Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. George Perren, Mr. W. H. Weiss, and Mr. Ransford; and the instrumentalists Miss Fynes, and Miss Medora Collins. The program is as follows:—

Overture—"*Midsummer Night's Dream*" ..... *Mendelssohn*.
Duet—"The Sailor Sighs" ..... *Balfe*.
Miss Ransford and Mr. G. Perren.
Song—"Where the bee sucks" (*Shakespeare*) ..... *Dr. Arne*.
Miss Poole.
Song—"Tom Tough" ..... *Dibdin*.
Mr. Ransford.
Song—"Sweet Nightingale" ..... *Boscowitch*.
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Ballad—"When first the bells" ..... *G. Perren*.
Mr. George Perren.
Song—"Should he upbraid" (*Shakespeare*) .. *Sir H. R. Bishop*.
Miss Ransford.
Solo, Pianoforte—Variations on "Life let us cherish," .. *Weidt*
and "Sunny days will come again" ..... *Jules Lemaire*.
Miss Fynes.
Ballad—"My love is on the sea" ..... *J. Morgan*.
Madame Sainton-Dolby.
Solo, Concertina .... Miss Medora Collins.
Duet—The Invitation, "Come, dance" ..... *S. Glover*.
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Sainton-Dolby.
Falstaff's Song—"Give me a cup of sack, boy" .. *J. L. Hatton*.
Mr. Ransford.
Song—"The Rose and the Bud" ..... *W. C. Russell*.
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Song—"Maggie's Secret" ..... *Claribel*.
Madame Sainton-Dolby.
Duet—"Colin and Patty" ..... *S. Nelson*.
Mr. and Miss Ransford.
Serenade—"The lark now leaves" ..... *Hatton*.
Madame Weiss.
Song—"The Village Blacksmith" ..... *W. H. Weiss*.
Mr. Weiss.
Trio—"My Lady the Countess" ..... *Cimarosa*.
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Ransford, and Madame Sainton-Dolby.
Conductors, Messrs. Meyer Lutz, Sidney Naylor, and Michael Watson.

"*Katharine and Petruchio*" will follow.

5. Lyceum.

"*A Day after the Fair*;" "*Bel Demonio*."

"*Bel Demonio*," having run its appointed course with that success and that length of career which mark the plays of a long-suffering age, will soon cede to the revived glories of "*Hamlet*." We shall hail Mr. Fechter's reappearance in this, his great character, when he has recovered from his regrettedillness—an illness aggravated by vexation at the Stratford bungling. Mr. Jordan, notwithstanding that he has a hard road to travel (we believe), is a very efficient substitute for the original *Angelo*; but the great actor's reappearance in "*Hamlet*" will be the more welcome, that London is pretty well *au courant* in "*Bel Demonio*."

6. Haymarket.

"*Our American Cousin*;" "*Venus and Adonis*;" "*Buakum Muller*.

7. New Adelphi.

"*Ici on parle Francais*;" "*Leah*;" "*The Area Belle*."

The attractions of "*Leah*" cannot be gainsaid, but London knows "*Leah*" by heart by this time, and earnestly looks for some future triumph of Miss Bateman. But when "*Leah*" begins to flag, let the management be contented, and, for Melpomene's sake, not attempt to "improve" the play—as an American relative has been improved—at the expense of the best part of the dialogue, and with a substitution of the plebeian popular for the artistically good.

8. Olympic.

"*The Ticket of Leave Man*;" "*Taming of the Shrew*"

The best cast in London continues to support the best modern play. But humble virtue has, until now, triumphed so satisfactorily, that we *should* like something fresh at the Olympic. Where is Mr. Tom Taylor's Morality?

The performance on Monday, was for the benefit of the fund now being raised by the National Shakespeare Committee. In addition to Mr. Tom Taylor's effective drama, "*The Ticket-of-Leave Man*," the program included "*Taming the Shrew*," the principal characters in which were sustained by Mr. H. Neville, Mr. H. Wigan, Mr. R. Soutar, Mr. Atkins, and Miss Hughes.

9. Strand.

"*My Preserver*;" "*Orpheus and Eurydice*;" "*Romeo and Juliet*;" "*Midsummer Night's Dream*."

Appropriately enough, the balcony scene from "*Romeo and Juliet*," with Miss Ada Swanborough as *Romeo*, and Miss Marie Wilton a gentle *Juliet*, was followed by "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" on Monday, the occasion being for the benefit of the Shakespeare metropolitan statue scheme. The principal parts in the latter play were filled by Mr. Belford, Mr. Parselle, Mr. Wood, Miss Maria Simpson, Miss E. Johnstone, and Miss F. Hughes.

10. St. James's.

"*Under the Rose*;" "*The Silver Lining*;" "*As Cool as a Cucumber*;" "*A Day after the Wedding*."

11. Astley's.

"*Rosalie*;" "*The Trap of Gold*."

12. New Royalty.

"*Love's Young Dream*;" "*Woman at the Wheel*;" "*Odd Lot*."

13. Sadler's Wells.

"*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*;" "*I O*."

"*Io, or Love in a Fog*," is the name of a new burlesque by F. Cheetham, Esq., produced here a few nights since. It is founded on the mythological story of Jupiter and Io, the king's daughter, turned into a white heifer and protected from Juno's jealousy. The getting up and general conduct of this piece, does not recal the careful efforts towards perfection, previously made

by the management. The night we had the pleasure of listening to the impertinences of *Jupiter* (Miss Eliza Hamilton), and *Mercury* (Miss Harrison), the state to which everybody and everything seemed to have arrived is sometimes graphically described as "sixes and sevens." The prompter was a great deal of use; Mr. Isaacson, the gentle *Orpheus* of the establishment was of comparatively little service, owing to the insubordination of his orchestral satellites, and at last the proceedings took a kind of reckless, half-holiday tone, which might have interfered with the author's intention, but was wonderfully funny notwithstanding. *Jupiter* and *Io* (Mrs. E. Phelps), to use a technical term, helped materially to "pull it through," but the piece was torn to ribands in the process. The burlesque was preceded by "*Macbeth*," in which Mr. G. V. Brooke and Miss Marriott performed. The "*Winter's Tale*" will shortly be re-produced at this theatre.

Monday evening having been set apart here for the benefit of the Shakespeare Fund, "*The Merchant of Venice*" was played, with Mr. G. V. Brooke as *Shylock*, and Miss Marriott as *Portia*, and after this the dagger scene from "*Macbeth*" was given, *Macbeth* being represented by Mr. George Cruikshank, and *Lady Macbeth* by Miss Edith Heraud. Mr. Buckstone also appeared in "*Box and Cox*," and an address, written by Mr. G. Linnæus Banks, was spoken by Miss M. Conway.

14. MARYLEBONE.

"*Ruth Oakley*;" "*Garibaldi*."

15. SURREY.

"*Ashore and Afloat*;" "*The Will and the Word*."

A new burlesque on "*Leah*" follows "*The Scottish Chief*." It is called "*Miss Leer; or the Maid, the Marriage*, and the *Malediction*." Mr. Danvers late of the Strand, plays the persecuted *Jewess* with much real fun, and an immense amount of animation. *Miss Leer* does nothing by halves, neither dancing, singing nor love making. Her first appearance in the burlesque is perhaps the most ludicrous thing in the piece. She rushes on the stage pursued by villagers dressed as schoolboys and hoydens, and pursued by *Bertolf* (Mr. Wright),—climbs the roof of a cottage and dives head first down the chimney. The gaunt *Schoolmaster* follows suit, and as this is managed with extreme quickness the effect is decidedly good of its kind. Miss Esther Jacobs plays *Rudolph* with that off-hand vivacity for which she is so famous; and takes the lead in the vocal department to the great benefit of the burlesque. Some of the incidents are peculiarly absurd, and being acted with immense spirit throughout, it is highly successful, and a capital close to the performances, after the mournful termination of the *Scottish Chief's* career.

16. BRITANNIA.

"*Left-handed Marriage*;" "*Debo-Lcar*;" "*Jane Shore*" (fifth act).

Any person who has graduated in the milder sensations of the West-end, and is suffering from reaction, cannot do better than go at once to the Hoxton dramatic establishment. Mr. F. T. Smith and "*Rosalie*" are outdone by an actual *bona-fide* skeleton, which grins at the audience with a most ghastly effect, in a scene supposed to represent the regions infernal. They say there is a skeleton in every house, and the times are almost out of joint enough to warrant the assumption that there will soon be a skeleton in every "playhouse." Sensation is the order of the day, and managers constantly outdo each other in producing effects of the most ghastly description. This idea of the real skeleton at the Britannia leaves the competitors far behind, and places this theatre in the proud position of furnishing the strongest specimen of blood-curdling horror in London. That Hoxtonians are notably morbid in their amusements, is proved by the manner in which the apparition is received; the interesting relic of mortality being actually alluded to by several of the gallery public as "Bones." The "*Left-handed Marriage*," as a literary production, is absolutely beneath notice, and a contrast to the excellent dramas sometimes presented here. It is, of course, a mere vehicle for display; and one of the strongest evidences of Mr. Lane's liberality, is the fact that so much sacrifice has been made in such a wretched cause. We should like to ask clever and vivacious Mrs. S. Lane if she thinks it possible to laugh at the fearfully depressing fun in the second act, though she works hard in the cause, as she always does. On principle, perhaps, shepherds are not objectionable; but no shepherd could ever be such a dreary idiot as *Moritz*, whose principal joke is imitating the bleating of his own flock. The only parallel of *Moritz*, is an empty-headed lout, bereft of his wits by an electro-biological lecturer. The "*Left-handed Marriage*" contains an amount of slaughter quite appalling, and after the ruthless villain *Baron Gratzburg* (Mr. Parry), has been worried to death and frightened in proportion by a spirit called Retribution, *Prince Rupert*, the best of earthly rulers, is killed by an outlaw called a "green rider," on purpose that he may be seen with his murdered left-hand wife in Heaven. The scene representing what *Hamlet* calls "the other place," is a triumph of stage effect. This drama is followed by a burlesque of Mr. Hazlewood's, (author of the "*Left-handed Marriage*,") called "*Debo-Leah*." Master Percy Roselle plays *Bertolf*, the schoolmaster. It is a remarkable performance, and though of course, like early strawberries, deficient in flavour, is a most clever and striking exhibition. With this talented child, burlesque seems out of the question, and the solemn earnestness he shows throughout the part is most extraordinary. Master Percy Roselle's behaviour in this part is one of the most striking contrasts possible to many of his adult brethren and sisters, for not in any one instance does he neglect the business of the stage, or let his attention wander from the words and the characters round him. There is an intensity in his performance, which is very often found wanting in the best of our burlesque actors and actresses. Master Roselle has no jokes of his own to oblige us with, and for this self-denial is specially to be commended.

17. VICTORIA.

"*The Woman in Red*," *&c.*

18. PAVILION.

"*The Ice Witch*;" "*The Detective*."

19. GRECIAN.

"*Deborah*;" "*Kate Kearney*."

The ballet is a warmly appreciated institution among the City Road public: and no wonder, when it has such accomplished representatives as the Misses Isabella and Laura Conquest. "The poetry of motion" is exemplified by those young ladies in a remarkable degree. Excepting at the operas, ballet *pur et simple* has almost become a thing of the past. We have of dancing enough and to spare; but it is usually confined to the inevitable "break down" of burlesque. The working out of a plot, however slight, by action unaided by and independent of words, is now quite the exception. The new ballet here, called "*Masaniello*;" takes place before rather an unlikely looking Bay of Naples. It is arranged by Madame Louise, and concludes with the well known "*Tarantella*," given with surprising spirit and *abandon* by Miss Laura Conquest. Though of a less vivacious description,—the dancing of her sister is equally graceful. The more serious element includes much unsheathing of knives by insurrectionary Neapolitans; and the music, is chiefly selected from Auber's celebrated opera. The new drama, "*Kate of Killarney*," (formerly "*Kate Kearney*,") is still the first piece in the bill. The reign of "*Deborah*" and Miss Heraud is not quite over yet, after having been before the public a very long time for this end of the town.

20. STANDARD.

The British Opera Association are now giving their series of representations at the Standard Theatre.

COLLEGE CUSTOM.—An annual custom is observed at Queen's College, Oxford, which consists of the serving up a boar's head, and singing a song and chorus adapted to the occasion. The boar's head, being boiled or roasted, is laid in a great charger, covered with a garland of bays or laurels, as broad at bottom as the brims of the charger. When the first course is served up in the refectory, on Christmas-day, in the said college, the manciple brings up the said boar's head from the kitchen to the high table, accompanied by one of the tabarders, who lays his hand on the charger. The tabarder then sings a song; and when he comes to the chorus, all the scholars that are in the refectory join in its performance:—

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary,
And I pray join, masters, merry be,
Quotquot istis in convivio.

CHORUS.

Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in the land,
Being thus bedeck'd with a gay garland;
Let us servire convivio.

CHORUS.

Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward has provided this,
In honour of the King of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is,
In regimendi atrio.

CHORUS.

Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino,

AUSTRALIA.

Yesterday afternoon (February 3rd) Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean took their departure from Sydney for Melbourne, by the "Rangatira" steamer. They were accompanied to the wharf by William Lyster, Esq., the lessee of the Prince of Wales Opera House. We regret to say that Mr. Kean does not appear to have recovered from his severe indisposition. Indeed, the crisis he had gone through, which created so much alarm amongst his numerous friends, was but too plainly visible in the evidently weakened condition of his frame. It is to be hoped, however, that the short sea trip, and the temporary retirement from his profession at Mount Macedor, in Victoria, whither Mr. Kean is now proceeding to recruit his health, will have the much desired effect of re-establishing his constitution. A considerable number of ladies and gentlemen met Mr. and Mrs. Kean on board the steamer and took their farewell of them. The excitement of parting with so many persons was, however, rather too much for Mr. Kean to bear, to whom quietness was at this time so desirable. Miss Chapman, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Everett accompany them to Melbourne. The luggage of Mr. and Mrs. Kean having been brought down late to the steamer, some of which arrived just as the vessel was departing, created considerable amazement to the strangers who were collected on the wharf. No less than between forty and fifty chests, forming the recipients of extensive wardrobes! Should Mr. Kean be well enough to perform, he is expected to reappear in Melbourne on the 20th instant, for which George Coppin, Esq., who left Sydney about a week ago, has made the necessary arrangements. We have been informed that tickets are now being purchased at a premium in Melbourne, for the Keans' reappearance.—*Sydney Empire.*

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Mr. Arthur Sketchley holds his own and *Mrs. Brown's*. That rare old lady continues as attractive as ever, and her *sequitu s* are still as warmly applauded. For ourselves we regard the portion of the entertainment wherein her dramatic experiences figure as the most attractive part. The description of the Victoria melodrama is a bit of the richest coloring; and *Mrs. Brown's* earnestness and *naïveté* of recital are unexceptionable. We only fear that Mr. Sketchley is apt to tire of his own entertainment, for we have heard him once or twice hurry over dialogues and passages as though he wished to get through them, instead of dwelling on unctuous passages as he did at first. We prefer *Mrs. Brown* to any of his other characters; there is more originality, more idea about her, than about the worn milksop, or *Mrs. Griggs*, or her husband. These are types who have been represented over and over again; but *Mrs. Brown*, though equally typical of a known class, is only to be met with in the pages of Dickens and at the Egyptian Hall. At this time of fever-heat admiration for Shakespeare, the character of *M. le Blond* is appropriate, and that enthusiastic Frenchman's reverence for Shakespeare makes people laugh. There is really fine sarcasm in *M. le Blond's* proposed improvement of the line, "Oh, my prophetic soul—my uncle!" which evinces Mr. Sketchley's appreciation of French literature. *M. le Blond* complains of the line as weak, unfinished, and unsatisfactory. '*Hamlet* would not have said zat," Monsieur indignantly exclaims, "when he see his papa, he would naturally be moved; he would have a grand emotion; and he would say what I have wrote for him." And Monsieur's improvement is:—

"Ah my prophetic soul! My fazer's broser—
I mean ma honcle—married to my mozer!"

Which is a delicious interpolation, but should have been written in Alexandrines. The very effective scenery of Mr. Sketchley's entertainment has suffered little from its exposure to so many performances; and the songs he sings are as attractive as ever.

WEBER'S TASTE FOR LITHOGRAPHY.—There was, at one time, considerable danger of the talents of Weber being lost to music. About the year 1807 his youthful and aspiring spirit seized the idea of advancing the art of printing on stone: of which art he conceived he had much improved the machinery. To prosecute this undertaking more extensively, he went with his father to Freidburgh in Saxony, where the materials for this purpose were very abundant; but the prolixity, and the merely mechanical and spiritless portions of the business, so little accorded with the warmth of his temperament and activity of his genius, that he soon quitted his new pursuit; and returned with redoubled eagerness and delight to the study of that science, which had been his first love, and to which he has ever since faithfully adhered.

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CONCERT ARRANGEMENTS—1864.

APRIL

Monday, 25th.
New Philharmonic Society. 8 cond Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 2.

Tuesday, 26th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, 8.

Wednesday, 27th.
New Philharmonic Society. Second Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.

Thursday, 28th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association (Messrs. Banner, Carrodus, Boetens, and Pettit). Collard's Rooms, at 3.
Mr. Milne's Scottish Minstrelsy. St. James's Hall, at 8.

Friday, 29th.
Hallé's Pianoforte Recitals. St. James's Hall, at 3.

Saturday, 30th.
Mr. Walter Macfarren's Pianoforte Recitals (No. 1). Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.

MAY.

Monday, 2nd.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.

Tuesday, 3rd.
Mr. Austin's Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Musical Union. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.
Madame Puzzi's Matinée d'Invitation. Hanover Square Rooms.
Sea-side Convalescent Hospital Matinée. Collard's, at 3.

Wednesday, 4th.
Herr Willem Coenen's Matinée. Queen's Concert Rooms, at 3.
Mr. Willye Cooper's Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.

Thursday, 5th.
Henry Leslie's Choir. St. James's Hall, at 8.

Friday, 6th.
Hallé's Second Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Royal Society of Musicians. "The Messiah." St. James's Hall, at 8.

Saturday, 7th.
New Philharmonic Society. Third Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 2.

Tuesday, 10th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.

Wednesday, 11th.
New Philharmonic Society. Third Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.

Friday, 13th.
Hallé's Third Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Mdlle. Georgi's Matinée. Queen's Concert Rooms, at 3.

Saturday, 14th.
Louis and Adolph Ries's Morning Concert. Queen's Concert Rooms, at 3.

Monday, 16th.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.

Tuesday, 17th.
Musical Union. Concert. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.

Wednesday, 18th.
Musical Society. Orchestral Trial of New Compositions. Hanover Square Rooms, at ½ past 8.
Miss Angèle's Concert. Beethoven Rooms, at 8.

Thursday, 19th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association. Collard's Rooms, at 3.
Messrs. H. & R. Blagrove's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.

Saturday, 21st.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens, Regent's Park. General Exhibition.
Mr. Walter Macfarren's Pianoforte Recitals (No. 2). Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.

Monday, 23rd.
Madame Vinning's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.

Tuesday, 24th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.

Thursday, 26th.
London Surgical Home. Matinée. Queen's Concert Rooms.

Friday, 27th.
Hallé's Fourth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.

Saturday, 28th.
New Philharmonic Society. Fourth Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 2.
Crystal Palace. Great Flower Show of the Season.

Monday, 30th.
Madame Puzzi's Annual Grand Morning Concert. Hanover Square Rooms.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.

Tuesday, 31st.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, ½ past 3.
Mr. Charles Salaman's Evening Concert. Hanover Square Rooms.

JUNE.

Wednesday, 1st.
New Philharmonic Society. Fourth Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.

Monday, 6th.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. American Plants.

Tuesday, 7th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.

Thursday, 9th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association. Collard's Rooms, at 3.

Friday, 10th.
Hallé's Fifth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.

Saturday, 11th.
Messrs. W. H. Holmes & G. W. Hammond's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at ½ past 2.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. Exhibition.

Monday, 13th.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Mr. Blumenthal's Morning Concert.

Tuesday, 14th.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.

Wednesday, 15th.
Musical Society. Orchestral Concert. St. James's Hall, ½ past 8.

Friday, 17th.
Hallé's Sixth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.

Saturday, 18th.
New Philharmonic Society. Fifth and Last Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, ½ past 2.
Mr. Walter Macfarren's Pianoforte Recitals (No. 3). Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.

Monday, 20th.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. American Plants.
Mr. Benedict's Concert. St. James's Hall, ½ past 1.

Tuesday, 21st.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.

Wednesday, 22nd.
New Philharmonic Society. Fifth and Last Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.

Friday, 24th.
Hallé's Seventh Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.

Monday, 27th.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.

Tuesday, 28th.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.

Wednesday, 29th.
Miss Van Noorden's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.

Thursday, 30th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association. Collard's Rooms, at 3.

JULY.

Friday, 1st.
Hallé's Eighth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.

Saturday, 2nd.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. Exhibition.

Wednesday, 13th.
Musical Society. Soirée for Fellows, Associates, Lady Associates, and Annual Subscribers. Hanover Square Rooms, at ½ past 8.

Saturday, 16th.
Messrs. W. H. Holmes & G. W. Hammond's Second Concert, at ½ past 2.

LETTERS!

Letters addressed as under, are lying at *The Orchestra* Office, 201, Regent Street, and will be forwarded on application:—

Donald King, Esq. | Mr. W. W. Eastman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED WITH THANKS. "Good Morrow, Dearest;" "Three Hundred Years Ago;" "Spring;" "Woman."

MATTHEW FRASER. Your story is hardly suited to the Presbyterian circles, into which our journal penetrates; but it might be turned to advantage by a French dramatist.

B. (Birmingham). If anything of importance occurs in your district we shall be glad to hear from you. Not otherwise.

J. C. Thanks for your scrutiny; but there is no *ex facie* evidence of fraud in the instance you quote.

A CONSTANT READER asks us if we know any particulars about M. Michael Beer's legacy founding a prize for the best "*Te Deum.*" We do not; but perhaps some of our readers may, in which case we shall be glad to receive information.

CAMPIDELLE. A transition from D minor into B flat major.

ASPIRANT. No. Nature never intended you for a literary contributor, and *The Orchestra* is not greater than Nature.

*** We passionately adjure our lyric subscribers not to send any more verses on Garibaldi. Their fervour is generally unexceptionable, and their poetry is also unexceptionable—but in a different sense.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 7th instant, at the Parish Church, Cregrina, Radnorshire, by the Rev. Hugh Vaughan, M.A., Rural Dean, the Rev. John Brinley Richards, B.D., Vicar of Llanbister, Radnorshire, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Thomas, Rector of Cregrina.

The Orchestra:

A REVIEW OF MUSIC & THE DRAMA.

All communications to be addressed to the EDITOR, 201, Regent-street, London, W..

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

Herr Reichardt and Signor Gardoni (*tenori*) have arrived in town for the season.

Signor Altavilla (tenor) has arrived in town for the season.

Vieuxtemps has left Paris for Frankfort, which is, out of engagements, his *pied à terre.*

Signorina Adelina Patti was to sing last night (Friday), at Paris, as *Marguerite* in "*Faust.*"

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti will come to London on the 26th inst. (under articles to Mr. Gye) with her sister Adelina.

We are glad to hear that Mr. T. P. Cooke has left, under special trust, two sums of 2,000*l.* and 1,000*l.*, respectively, (New Three per Cents)., to the DRAMATIC COLLEGE at Maybury.

Mrs. Swanborough authorises us to deny the truth of the rumour, that Mr. Emden is to enter into partnership with her in the management of the STRAND.

A large attendance was promised for the Actors' Supper which was to take place at midnight yesterday (Friday). The Chair was to be taken by Mr. B. Webster, Mr. Buckstone being the vice.

Signor Tamburini has re-appeared at Paris. He sang this week at a concert given by the patriot Pulsky, who so nobly assisted the Hungarians not long ago. The receipts of this concert amounted to 4,580 francs.

Mr. Thorne the favourite low comedian of the Surrey, is still suffering severely from his late accident uring the performance of "*Afloat and Ashore,* when he fell from a platform, and, we believe, injured the small bone of his leg.

Mr. Tilbury, the husband of Lydia Thompson, was thrown from his horse on Thursday in last week, while riding in South Essex Steeple-chase, and was so severely injured that he died on Friday.

Signor Piatti is announced to play at the next Monday Popular Concert—on the 25th inst. We are not aware whether this eminent violoncellist will remain in town during the season, or return to Paris, where he has engagements.

We beg to direct the attention of our readers to our list of Concerts for the season. Errors or omissions will be rectified on their being pointed out to us. This list, it is hoped, will be found useful for reference when fixing dates for concerts, etc.

Mr. Sims Reeves is residing at Dover, we believe, for the benefit of his health. The illustrious tenor has written to the *Times,* complaining that the Drury Lane audience last week showed signs of displeasure at his non-appearance, as if it were on a frivolous pretext, instead of real illness.

The first operatic novelty of the season will be the production (for the first time in England) of Nicolai's "*Merry Wives of Windsor,*" at HER MAJESTY'S. The first night was announced for Tuesday next, but we understand it is doubtful whether the necessary rehearsals will not throw its production back for a short time longer. It will be sung in Italian, the version being prepared by Signor Manfredo Maggioni.

Signor Arditi bids fair to go down to posterity as the author of an Italian *Marseillaise*—a description of music, we may remark, which has not been much in request in the Land of Song until lately. He has written several spirited lyrics on the subject of the Garibaldian episode in the Italian struggle for liberty, the most successful of which is his now celebrated "Garibaldina" or "slogan" of the hero's followers. It is a spirited march, with a catching melody, which taken *allegro,* with brass accompaniment strongly developed, has electrified during the past week the thronged assemblages met to do General Garibaldi honor at the Crystal Palace, Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's. At the last house, on Tuesday, Signor Arditi had the honor of being summoned to Garibaldi's box, when the General complimented him on his contributions to the national song music of Italy, and added that he wished Signor Arditi would only write more of such inspiring war-strains. This was perhaps the most graceful—as to an Italian it was the most grateful—compliment that could possibly have been paid by such a man as Garibaldi to a composer.

DEATH OF NATHAN, THE COMPOSER.

From Australian advices we regret to learn the melancholy end of one of our well-known song writers. A fatal and most distressing casualty, which resulted in the death of Mr. Isaac Nathan, occurred (says a Sydney paper) on the tramway, in Pitt-street, at its intersection with Goulburn-street, on the afternoon of January 15. It appears that Mr. Nathan was a passenger by No. 2 tramway car, which at about five o'clock was going along Pitt-street, in the direction of the Redfern railway terminus. At about that hour the car was stopped at the corner of Goulburn-street, where a number of its occupants got out—some of them by the front of the vehicle, and others at the back of it. Mr. Nathan, who lived at No. 442, Pitt-street, a few yards distant, alighted from the car at the southern end, but before he had got clear of the rails the car moved onwards, and the deceased gentleman was unhappily crushed beneath one of its wheels. It is said that, either in getting out or in trying to avoid the car, Mr. Nathan grasped hold of the railing in front of it, and he was thus whirled round by the sudden motion of the carriage, and his body was brought under the front wheel. The wheel did not actually pass over Mr. Nathan, but was dragged on to his body, crushing his back and shoulders in a frightful manner. The unfortunate gentleman died almost instantly. He was removed to his residence, where Dr. Charles Nathan of Macquarie-street (deceased's son), Dr. O'Brien, and Dr. Walker were soon afterwards in attendance, though, as it is understood, not before life was extinct. Mr. Nathan was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was born in Canterbury, England. He was widely known and greatly respected, and his untimely death will be heard of by many with sincere regret. He had lived in the colony for twenty-three years, and he for some time dwelt at Randwick before removing to his late residence in Pitt-street. He was an accomplished musician, and, as is well known, he was for a long time conductor of the different musical associations in Sydney. Mr. Nathan was a music composer of acknowledged ability, and as such he had, before coming to settle in this colony, achieved a European reputation. The music set to the Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron was from the pen of this talented composer, and he was also the author of a work on the theory of music. Mr. Nathan's last composition was a piece entitled "A song to Freedom," a copy of which, it may be mentioned, was sent through his Excellency Sir John Young to her Majesty the Queen. The remains of the late Mr. Nathan were interred on the 17th inst., in the Cemetery at Camperdown.

BENEFIT CONCERTS.

The London Summer Season is the true Orpheus of modern mythology. It sets Music free from its winter torpidity. It makes our corridors and concert halls vocal with many-phased sound. If it does not make the hoardings dance to jubilant strains, it covers them at least with tidings of song to come. It sends the public in festive hordes to music shops, to opera houses, to concert rooms; it makes our stone and lime very groves where Euterpe may be worthily worshipped; and breathes into the materiality of town life—(and this is the old classical *muthos* exactly)—the fine influences of that gentlest art—Music. Of all the forms of change which come over us

—gratâ vice veris et Favoni—

none is more remarkable than the quick fruition of Benefit Concerts. Of a sudden you find that, within the narrow compass of some three months or so, almost every artist of any name—and many too of little name—in town will give a Benefit Concert—a *matinée* or *soirée musicale*, as the case may be. On behalf of society, you feel it your duty to be somewhat staggered at the hundred and one nights which await you, should duty impel you to go to all. Were it so—were it the bounden duty of that helpless concrete called society to support in its own general way these recurring musical Benefits, we should certainly be inclined to allow a little dismay on the part of the public. And in fact this obvious—and therefore likely to be wrong—view of the case is that generally adopted by the small wits of small musical papers. They make merry over the round of Benefit Concerts. They deplore in facetious sorrow the lost time of helping artists. They mildly condole with the fagged but moneyed public who are *vi et armis* inveigled into the reserved seats. They look, in a word, on the whole system as one gigantic swindle—in which the Robert Macaires are our artists, and their victims Pater and Mater-familias, with their *addenda* of daughters and nieces. These critics kindly tolerate Benefit Concerts as a necessary nuisance, and occasionally go the length of reporting them—if advertised in their columns beforehand.

For our part we regard these annual performances for the advantage of individual artists in a very different light. We regard them, indeed, as conferring one of the few pleasing characteristics of the Musical Profession socially considered. The millennium of the art not yet having dawned; our Cramers and Chappells and Metzlers not having yet concluded to take sweet counsel together over MS. compositions; Covent Garden having as yet refused to amalgamate with Her Majesty's; the collective *soprani, contralti, tenori,* and *bassi* of London having declined to recognise each other's merit to the full extent; Messrs. Collard having up to this time not published the news that Venn has been assumed as a partner in their house; and the modern Hudibras being still in doubt about the propriety of olive-branches in connection with the *Athenæum;*—these various matters being, we say, unsettled, we cannot afford to give up one amiable trait of our artists. And it is an amiable trait on the part of artists of the highest standing that they do not refuse to lend their services gratuitously for the benefit of *collaborateurs* of lesser note than themselves. Benefit Concerts are invariably good, both in the selection of music and in the performers. The latter point could not be gained if there was not good feeling in the profession. It would be absurd for any artist to try to pay his or her cast. But they make it up by setting aside in like manner an occasional hour for the benefit of those who have assisted them—and in this way the cost of a concert is, so far as the engagement of the artists is concerned, inappreciable. So much for the *artists'* share in the matter; let us now see how far Benefit Concerts are a drag on the outside public. To gain an accurate idea of the obligations mutually subsisting between a concert-giver and his or her audience, it is necessary to consider for a moment who form that audience. Herein lies the gist of the whole matter. The company at a Benefit Concert consists, as a rule, of the private connection of the *beneficiaire*. The general public do not attend these concerts to any extent, although the programs, as we have before remarked, are very attractive. The people who do take tickets are nearly all composed of the private friends of the concert-giver; and, when we think of the private life of artists both in town and country, we cannot but consider it is only in fair justice that they should be supported once a year in this way.

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"The Mayor dares to disapprove of theatrical entertainments, and refuses to go with this stream or current of Shakespearian glorification. I have no doubt but that many of our thoughtful citizens will support him, and refuse to be led by specious reasonings respecting "immortal bards." If it be true that many

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CONCERT ARRANGEMENTS—1864.

APRIL

Monday, 25th.
New Philharmonic Society. Second Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 2.
Tuesday, 26th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, 8.
Wednesday, 27th.
New Philharmonic Society. Second Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Thursday, 28th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association (Messrs. Banner, Carrodus, Boetens, and Pettit). Collard's Rooms, at 3.
Mr. Milne's Scottish Minstrelsy. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Friday, 29th.
Hallé's Pianoforte Recitals. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Saturday, 30th.
Mr. Walter Macfarren's Pianoforte Recitals (No. 1). Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.

MAY.

Monday, 2nd.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Tuesday, 3rd.
Mr. Austin's Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Musical Union. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.
Madame Puzzi's Matinée d'Invitation. Hanover Square Rooms.
Sea-side Convalescent Hospital Matinée. Collard's, at 3.
Wednesday, 4th.
Herr Willem Coenen's Matinée. Queen's Concert Rooms, at 3.
Mr. Willbye Cooper's Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Thursday, 5th.
Henry Leslie's Choir. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Friday, 6th.
Hallé's Second Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Royal Society of Musicians. "The Messiah." St. James's Hall, at 8.
Saturday, 7th.
New Philharmonic Society. Third Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 2.
Tuesday, 10th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.
Wednesday, 11th.
New Philharmonic Society. Third Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Friday, 13th.
Hallé's Third Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Mdlle. Georgi's Matinée. Queen's Concert Rooms, at 3.
Saturday, 14th.
Louis and Adolph Ries's Morning Concert. Queen's Concert Rooms, at 3.
Monday, 16th.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Tuesday, 17th.
Musical Union. Concert. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.
Wednesday, 18th.
Musical Society. Orchestral Trial of New Compositions. Hanover Square Rooms, at ½ past 8.
Miss Angèle's Concert. Beethoven Rooms, at 8.
Thursday, 19th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association. Collard's Rooms, at 3.
Messrs. H. & R. Blagrove's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Saturday, 21st.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens, Regent's Park. General Exhibition.
Mr. Walter Macfarren's Pianoforte Recitals (No. 2). Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.
Monday, 23rd.
Madame Vinning's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.
Tuesday, 24th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.
Thursday, 26th.
London Surgical Home. Matinée. Queen's Concert Rooms.
Friday, 27th.
Hallé's Fourth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Saturday, 28th.
New Philharmonic Society. Fourth Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 2.
Crystal Palace. Great Flower Show of the Season.
Monday, 30th.
Madame Puzzi's Annual Grand Morning Concert. Hanover Square Rooms.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Tuesday, 31st.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, ½ past 3.
Mr. Charles Salaman's Evening Concert. Hanover Square Rooms.

JUNE.

Wednesday, 1st.
New Philharmonic Society. Fourth Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Monday, 6th.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. American Plants.
Tuesday, 7th.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.
Thursday, 9th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association. Collard's Rooms, at 3.
Friday, 10th.
Hallé's Fifth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Saturday, 11th.
Messrs. W. H. Holmes & G. W. Hammond's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at ½ past 2.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. Exhibition.
Monday, 13th.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Mr. Blumenthal's Morning Concert.
Tuesday, 14th.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.
Wednesday, 15th.
Musical Society. Orchestral Concert. St. James's Hall, ½ past 8.
Friday, 17th.
Hallé's Sixth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Saturday, 18th.
New Philharmonic Society. Fifth and Last Rehearsal. St. James's Hall, ½ past 2.
Mr. Walter Macfarren's Pianoforte Recitals (No. 3). Hanover Square Rooms, at 3.
Monday, 20th.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. American Plants.
Mr. Benedict's Concert. St. James's Hall, ½ past 1.
Tuesday, 21st.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.
Musical Society. Choral Practice. Marylebone Institution, at 8.
Wednesday, 22nd.
New Philharmonic Society. Fifth and Last Concert. St. James's Hall, at 8.
Friday, 24th.
Hallé's Seventh Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Monday, 27th.
Philharmonic Society. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Tuesday, 28th.
Musical Union. Matinée. St. James's Hall, at ½ past 3.
Wednesday, 29th.
Miss Van Noorden's Concert. Hanover Square Rooms, at 8.
Thursday, 30th.
Pianoforte Quartet Association. Collard's Rooms, at 3.

JULY.

Friday, 1st.
Hallé's Eighth Pianoforte Recital. St. James's Hall, at 3.
Saturday, 2nd.
Royal Botanic Society's Gardens. Exhibition.
Wednesday, 13th.
Musical Society. Soirée for Fellows, Associates, Lady Associates, and Annual Subscribers. Hanover Square Rooms, at ½ past 8.
Saturday, 16th.
Messrs. W. H. Holmes & G. W. Hammond's Second Concert, at ½ past 2.

LETTERS!

Letters addressed as under, are lying at *The Orchestra* Office, 201, Regent Street, and will be forwarded on application:—

Donald King, Esq. | Mr. W. W. Eastman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED WITH THANKS. "Good Morrow, Dearest;" "Three Hundred Years Ago;" "Spring;" "Woman."

MATTHEW FRASER. Your story is hardly suited to the Presbyterian circles, into which our journal penetrates; but it might be turned to advantage by a French dramatist.

B. (Birmingham). If anything of importance occurs in your district we shall be glad to hear from you. Not otherwise.

J. C. Thanks for your scrutiny; but there is no *ex facie* evidence of fraud in the instance you quote.

A CONSTANT READER asks us if we know any particulars about M. Michael Eeer's legacy founding a prize for the best "*Te Deum*." We do not; but perhaps some of our readers may, in which case we shall be glad to receive information.

CAMPIDELLE. A transition from D minor into B flat major.

ASPIRANT. No. Nature never intended you for a literary contributor, and *The Orchestra* is not greater than Nature.

*** We passionately adjure our lyric subscribers not to send any more verses on Garibaldi. Their fervour is generally unexceptionable, and their poetry is also unexceptionable—but in a different sense.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 7th instant, at the Parish Church, Cregrina, Radnorshire, by the Rev. Hugh Vaughan, M.A., Rural Dean, the Rev. John Brinley Richards, B.D., Vicar of Llanbister, Radnorshire, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Thomas, Rector of Cregrina.

The Orchestra:

A REVIEW OF MUSIC & THE DRAMA.

All communications to be addressed to the EDITOR, 201, Regent-street, London, W.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

Herr Reichardt and Signor Gardoni (*tenori*) have arrived in town for the season.

Signor Altavilla (tenor) has arrived in town for the season.

Vieuxtemps has left Paris for Frankfort, which is, out of engagements, his *pied à terre*.

Signorina Adelina Patti was to sing last night (Friday), at Paris, as *Marguerite* in "*Faust*."

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti will come to London on the 26th inst. (under articles to Mr. Gye) with her sister Adelina.

We are glad to hear that Mr. T. P. Cooke has left, under special trust, two sums of 2,000*l.* and 1,000*l.*, respectively, (New Three per Cents)., to the DRAMATIC COLLEGE at Maybury.

Mrs. Swanborough authorises us to deny the truth of the rumour, that Mr. Emden is to enter into partnership with her in the management of the STRAND.

A large attendance was promised for the Actors' Supper which was to take place at midnight yesterday (Friday). The Chair was to be taken by Mr. B. Webster, Mr. Buckstone being the vice.

Signor Tamburini has re-appeared at Paris. He sang this week at a concert given by the patriot Pulsky, who so nobly assisted the Hungarians not long ago. The receipts of this concert amounted to 4,580 francs.

Mr. Thorne the favourite low comedian of the Surrey, is still suffering severely from his late accident uring the performance of "*Afloat and Ashore*, when he fell from a platform, and, we believe, injured the small bone of his leg.

Mr. Tilbury, the husband of Lydia Thompson, was thrown from his horse on Thursday in last week, while riding in South Essex Steeple-chase, and was so severely injured that he died on Friday.

Signor Piatti is announced to play at the next Monday Popular Concert—on the 25th inst. We are not aware whether this eminent violoncellist will remain in town during the season, or return to Paris, where he has engagements.

We beg to direct the attention of our readers to our list of Concerts for the season. Errors or omissions will be rectified on their being pointed out to us. This list, it is hoped, will be found useful for reference when fixing dates for concerts, etc.

Mr. Sims Reeves is residing at Dover, we believe, for the benefit of his health. The illustrious tenor has written to the *Times*, complaining that the Drury Lane audience last week showed signs of displeasure at his non-appearance, as if it were on a frivolous pretext, instead of real illness.

The first operatic novelty of the season will be the production (for the first time in England) of Nicolai's "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," at HER MAJESTY'S. The first night was announced for Tuesday next, but we understand it is doubtful whether the necessary rehearsals will not throw its production back for a short time longer. It will be sung in Italian, the version being prepared by Signor Manfredo Maggioni.

Signor Arditi bids fair to go down to posterity as the author of an Italian *Marseillaise*—a description of music, we may remark, which has not been much in request in the Land of Song until lately. He has written several spirited lyrics on the subject of the Garibaldian episode in the Italian struggle for liberty, the most successful of which is his now celebrated "Garibaldina" or "slogan" of the hero's followers. It is a spirited march, with a catching melody, which taken *allegro*, with brass accompaniment strongly developed, has electrified during the past week the thronged assemblages met to do General Garibaldi honor at the Crystal Palace, Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's. At the last house, on Tuesday, Signor Arditi had the honor of being summoned to Garibaldi's box, when the General complimented him on his contributions to the national song music of Italy, and added that he wished Signor Arditi would only write more of such inspiring war-strains. This was perhaps the most graceful—as to an Italian it was the most grateful—compliment that could possibly have been paid by such a man as Garibaldi to a composer.

DEATH OF NATHAN, THE COMPOSER.

From Australian advices we regret to learn the melancholy end of one of our well-known song writers. A fatal and most distressing casualty, which resulted in the death of Mr. Isaac Nathan, occurred (says a Sydney paper) on the tramway, in Pitt-street, at its intersection with Goulburn-street, on the afternoon of January 15. It appears that Mr. Nathan was a passenger by No. 2 tramway car, which at about five o'clock was going along Pitt-street, in the direction of the Redfern railway terminus. At about that hour the car was stopped at the corner of Goulburn-street, where a number of its occupants got out—some of them by the front of the vehicle, and others at the back of it. Mr. Nathan, who lived at No. 442, Pitt-street, a few yards distant, alighted from the car at the southern end, but before he had got clear of the rails the car moved onwards, and the deceased gentleman was unhappily crushed beneath one of its wheels. It is said that, either in getting out or in trying to avoid the car, Mr. Nathan grasped hold of the railing in front of it, and he was thus whirled round by the sudden motion of the carriage, and his body was brought under the front wheel. The wheel did not actually pass over Mr. Nathan, but was dragged on to his body, crushing his back and shoulders in a frightful manner. The unfortunate gentleman died almost instantly. He was removed to his residence, where Dr. Charles Nathan of Macquarie-street (deceased's son), Dr. O'Brien, and Dr. Walker were soon afterwards in attendance, though, as it is understood, not before life was extinct. Mr. Nathan was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was born in Canterbury, England. He was widely known and greatly respected, and his untimely death will be heard of by many with sincere regret. He had lived in the colony for twenty-three years, and he for some time dwelt at Randwick before removing to his late residence in Pitt-street. He was an accomplished musician, and, as is well known, he was for a long time conductor of the different musical associations in Sydney. Mr. Nathan was a music composer of acknowledged ability, and as such he had, before coming to settle in this colony, achieved a European reputation. The music set to the Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron was from the pen of this talented composer, and he was also the author of a work on the theory of music. Mr. Nathan's last composition was a piece entitled "A song to Freedom," a copy of which, it may be mentioned, was sent through his Excellency Sir John Young to her Majesty the Queen. The remains of the late Mr. Nathan were interred on the 17th inst., in the Cemetery at Camperdown.

BENEFIT CONCERTS.

The London Summer Season is the true Orpheus of modern mythology. It sets Music free from its winter torpidity. It makes our corridors and concert halls vocal with many-phased sound. If it does not make the hoardings dance to jubilant strains, it covers them at least with tidings of song to come. It sends the public in festive hordes to music shops, to opera houses, to concert rooms; it makes our stone and lime very groves where Euterpe may be worthily worshipped; and breathes into the materiality of town life—(and this is the old classical *muthos* exactly)—the fine influences of that gentlest art—Music. Of all the forms of change which come over us

—gratâ vice veris et Favoni—

none is more remarkable than the quick fruition of Benefit Concerts. Of a sudden you find that, within the narrow compass of some three months or so, almost every artist of any name—and many too of little name—in town will give a Benefit Concert—a *matinée* or *soirée musicale*, as the case may be. On behalf of society, you feel it your duty to be somewhat staggered at the hundred and one nights which await you, should duty impel you to go to all. Were it so—were it the bounden duty of that helpless concrete called society to support in its own general way these recurring musical Benefits, we should certainly be inclined to allow a little dismay on the part of the public. And in fact this obvious—and therefore likely to be wrong—view of the case is that generally adopted by the small wits of small musical papers. They make merry over the round of Benefit Concerts. They deplore in facetious sorrow the lost time of helping artists. They mildly condole with the fagged but moneyed public who are *vi et armis* inveigled into the reserved seats. They look, in a word, on the whole system as one gigantic swindle—in which the Robert Macaires are our artists, and their victims Pater and Mater-familias, with their *addenda* of daughters and nieces. These critics kindly tolerate Benefit Concerts as a necessary nuisance, and occasionally go the length of reporting them—if advertised in their columns beforehand.

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"BOTTOM" AT CARLISLE.

The county-town of Cumberland is productive of rare intellect and rarer morals. It has a Mayor, gifted with that intelligence which is the special attribute of mayors; it has a Deanery; and it has a Close. From Carlisle emanate those wondrous fulminations, from time to time, which make the world marvel that there be men so blind and besotted as to conceive such doctrines; and other men so blind and besotted as to accept them unquestioning. Centralisation in all its force may be seen in operation in Carlisle. Carlisle has its Dean, and the Dean has Carlisle; and a kind of local Athanasian creed incorporates them together: one, not by confusion in substance, but by unity in bigotry. The same diaconal genius which has employed a lifetime to put down the meerschaum and the stage, has now undertaken to put down Shakespeare. The idea is fully worthy of a Close; and the means taken to carry it out are equally worthy. To work his end, he and his supporters prostitute Scripture as they prostitute reason; and texts are wrested and twisted, and thunderbolts of doctrine launched; for the Dean of Carlisle, as well as the hero of the proverb, can quote Scripture famously. He has converted the Mayor (it does not take much genius to mould a mayor); and Carlisle, represented by its civic authorities, will not commemorate Shakespeare. This announced, it was feared that even the well-schooled Cumbrians might protest against being nose-led into the Deanery, when all England wished to go to the Theatre. So a kind of justification has been extensively placarded about the walls and sent to the papers—an appeal superscribed "Fellow-Citizens," and subscribed "A Citizen"—an appeal which shows the clerical foot treading heavily on the necks of the believing. An extract from this appeal will evidence the moral and spiritual state of the dwellers on the Eden—the paradise whose tree of knowledge is guarded by Dean Close:—

"The Mayor dares to disapprove of theatrical entertainments, and refuses to go with this stream or current of Shakespearian glorification. I have no doubt but that many of our thoughtful citizens will support him, and refuse to be led by specious reasonings respecting "immortal bards." If it be true that many

profane, indecent, and irreligious sentiments are to be found in the works of dramatic writers, and that Shakespeare is not by any means free from them; and, further, that these sentiments are often coloured with the softest names, and recommended on the stage by the most captivating characters and actions; and if the general tendency of the theatre, the elegance of the scenery displayed, the richness of the dresses, the power of the music, the address of the performers, and the gaiety and splendour of the scene, be to deprive the mind of sober reflection; if the passionate, fascinating exhibitions injure the delicacy of our best feelings, and gradually weaken our abhorrence of immoral indulgences; if they chiefly address the weaker powers of our manhood, our senses, imaginations, and passions, and fill the minds of our youth with vain and unreal notions of life; if it be of importance to preserve the principles and manners of the rising generation pure; not governed or led by their imaginations and passions, and to encourage the cultivation of modesty in woman, and a reverence for piety and virtue in all; and if our religion must be supported and advanced by care and vigilance, and our preservation from evil depend on our avoiding temptation, and daily praying for divine grace to enable us to stand against it—if many great and good men have borne their public testimony against the pernicious tendency of these amusements, and if numbers of serious and worthy characters of all religious denominations have been convinced of the evils invariably connected with them, and thought it their duty, as Christian professors, anxious to maintain a good example, to discourage the attendance and support of them—how can we hesitate at once firmly and decidedly to refuse to give our support to the proposed celebration, involving, as it must do, a marked approval of stage playing? Fellow-citizens—We are in no small danger of being entrapped into a specious snare. Because this distinguished actor has written a few good and noble sentiments, and put them into the mouths of his actors, but which are all, as direct precepts, free from adulteration, to be found in our Bible, why are we now to be called upon, chiefly by a few literary puffs, to respond to the call of giving a day's holiday for their gratification, but which means practically a day of no wages to many who cannot afford to lose them—of much misspent money and time to thousands, leading them in the way of temptation, and many to the haunts of vice and immorality? Have the promoters of this holiday in our city considered that they will be turning into the streets, from our manufactories alone, for a day of idleness, upwards of a thousand young persons, mostly females? Let us support our worthy mayor, and all who are conscientiously concerned against theatrical entertainments, as seductive and dangerous, and take no part in the celebration of the birthday of a mere literary stage-actor."

We believe this man thinks as he writes. We believe that there are in this world intellects so distorted, hearts and minds so utterly abnormal, as both to conceive such opinions and endorse them. They bow down before no divinity of talent; they never acknowledge its heavenly origin; they would pick holes in the raiment of an Angel, if they ever got near one. Imagination, ideality, fancy, are with them sins to be rooted out by a stern text—weaknesses to be overcome with spiritual flagellation. Morbidly brooding over one idea—their own safety hereafter, for they are invariably of the genus Selfish Christian—they narrow their hearts to that, and shut out everything on earth but what bears upon it;—science, art, poetry, politics—nay, nature itself too often. They make of Heaven a limited area, created for them and two or three or more, where their own egotism and morbidness prevail throughout the ages. Finally, to quote an expression of Charles Dickens, the truth of which is as great as its strength, "profanely reversing the order of "creation, they make God in man's image."

To them and such as them, poetry is a lifeless thing, save when it panders to their selfish spiritualism. Trammel poetry to an exaltation of them and their narrow souls; to a glorification of their own spiritual merits and their own spiritual prospects; and they will call it Divine, though the veriest dribble of mediocre mind. But anon poetry soars to its native level, and rightly claims the epithet Divine, because universal and true; and then to these earthly arbiters of the spheres it is dark, vain, perilous, wicked; it "deprives the "mind of sober reflection;" which is their term for psychical dyspepsia; it cultivates the imagination—and a cultivated imagination means death to fanaticism. So, though by weeding the world of the fascination which art holds over it, ye weed out all art, all poetry, all that "addresses "the weaker powers of our manhood, the senses"—ay down to the birds of the air and the lilies of the field, whose beauty addresses our senses too: root it out, brethren, clear it away from your specious souls, and, thus barren and bare, is the ground ready for diaconal seeds of wisdom.

See how logically he can argue, this Cumbrian Bottom! That which chiefly addresses our senses is bad: then is all nature bad; then is a human love of beauty bad; then are a woodland view, a sunset glow, the song of birds, the music of cathedral bells, dangerous and to be shunned. All the good that Shakespeare wrote is to be found in the Bible, says Bottom, and would summarily dismiss Shakespeare thus. It is an argument that once served a bigot in ages gone by—a bigot who unluckily had power to back his bigotry. "If "these works," said Omar the Caliph, alluding to the Alexandrian library, "contain anything that "is opposed to the doctrine of the Koran, they "are dangerous; and if they concord with the "spirit of the Koran, then have we enough in the "Koran without them: let them be destroyed." Thus would act the Cumbrian bigot with Shakespeare, but by a happy dispensation he has not the chance. He can but exhort from dead walls, and groan in cathedral pews.

But he need not fear—need not personally fear—on the score of a perilously "addressed sense," or a dangerously cultivated imagination. Let him reassure himself; he has none to speak of. He need not fear the influence of Shakespeare and the stage on his passions. *He* have passions! A potato is as likely to have them—nay a potato is an estimable vegetable, which does not quarrel with a rose for being sweeter. We do a potato wrong in comparing it with the Cumbrian Bottom; his vapid vegetable loves are infinitely lower. Somewhere about the rank of a jelly-fish may he metaphorically be placed: useful to neither kingdom, repudiated by both. A jelly-fish in mind is he, and doubtless a jelly-fish in morals, with all his care of them, and with all his anxiety for a perverted and Shakespeare-loving world.

Yes, it is the boast of the stage that these people hate it. Like the press, the theatre is the exponent of public opinion; the censor of an age's follies. In the days of Molière there were shoals of charlatans that hated the stage, author and actor too, that showed up the false and deceptive. Humbug fears satire, whether humbug be esconced in the physician's parlour or in the preacher's pulpit; and so long as humbug lasts, there will be voices to cry against the player, even as in eighteen hundred and sixty-four there are sots in Carlisle crying against the man who made the stage hold a mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, and Scorn her own image.

LA CAMORRA IN THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Ventilation is an useful and a blessed agent in many cases—from law-courts downwards. Ventilation of evils is surely followed by mitigation of the evils, if ventilation be only earnest enough and prolonged. The more gladly therefore do we hail that interest in theatrical matters which is now taken by the general public, and which is evinced, in true British manner, by frequent letters to the papers, plaintive of theatrical abuses. We use the adjective as applicable to the theatre itself—to that part of the building in front of the proscenium, where many abuses love to linger. Several of these have yielded to the public cry, and in obedience to the conciliatory and reforming will of obliging managements; among others the nuisance of refreshments in the pit. Others linger fondly, nourished by old pernicious custom, fed in many cases by greed, and holding their position by no better right than that they are—and have been—abuses created by original abuses, which will not die until their causes are destroyed by force and arms.

Chief among auditorial nuisances of large theatres is the present system of box-letting. Founding his speculations on the overgenerous character of playgoers, the manager of a theatre can afford to charge his own servants for permission to serve him! In the commercial transaction which takes place between employer and employed, it is the employer who is paid, and served as well. The lessee receives a salary from his boxkeeper. Naturally the lessee is somewhat exorbitant, seeing a rich field to plough; and naturally too the boxkeeper is compelled to make his profit by extortion from the easygoing and too generous public. But the public has writhed long enough beneath the iron heel of him of the bills and glass, and an audible growl makes itself manifest through the medium of the press.

A sufferer, writing to the *Telegraph*, relates how, going to Her Majesty's Theatre, he was worried and insulted because he would not buy a book:—"Because I did not feel inclined," he says, "to "purchase a book of the opera, or remunerate the "boxkeeper for his 'trouble,' I was very much "annoyed by him, and plainly told, that, as Mr. "Mapleson was charging the men three shillings "a night for their places, they were obliged to "make a demand on the public or they would not "be able to make up the amount." Another sufferer, writing a day later, corroborates the first in his description of the annoyance endured by opera-seekers in the Haymarket:—"During "the run of the English version of "*Faust*," when "cheap prices were advertised, I took a box on "the upper tier, and sent four young ladies to "witness it. On their return home they informed "me that they had been alarmed by the violent "conduct of the boxkeeper enforcing his claim "for attendance on a similar plea, and their "obligation to give him all the money in their "possession, sufficient to pay for a cab home, "not taking more for fear of being robbed, and "their subsequent difficulty in getting a cab be-"cause they could not fee a man with a brass "badge." It is not the first time the hard lesson has been taught that young ladies cannot be committed to the mercies of the world of London without some stout protector; but one would at least have thought them safe from pertinacious extortion within the walls of civilised opera. "On another occasion," the same writer says, "one of my party feeling "faint, wished for a glass of water, which was "brought to her by a female attendant. A small "piece of silver being given to her for her trouble, "she thanked me, but said she would have to "give it to the saloon-keeper, as threepence per "glass was charged when no other refreshments "were taken." In short, through every instance, and on each occasion, we see the working of an English Camorra, pernicious in its effects, detrimental to the true interests of art, detrimental even to the ultimate interests of the grasping managers, who by their own avarice countenance a hateful tax.

The letters which have appeared in the *Telegraph* have had the effect of evoking a confession from Mr. Nugent, the Superintendent of the Box Office, which exposes the system. Mr. Nugent writes that "the men do pay a small rent for their "holding, but are not allowed to solicit fees, or "importune the visitors." Certainly they are not allowed, but certainly they do. And is there strict justice in "not allowing them"? Mr. Nugent gets his money from the men—a small rent to him, perhaps, but a large one as probably to them—and then Mr. Nugent prohibits *their* looking after their interests. The evil of the matter strikes deeper down than the mere forwardness on the part of the box-keeper to earn his own livelihood; it lies at the root of the bad system itself.

Elsewhere than in the Haymarket is the evil perpetuated; in fact, few theatres—honorably excepting the Adelphi and the Lyceum—are purged of the old plague. At the former of the excepted ones the abolition of fees has settled heavily on the spirits and temper of an old lady in the upper circle, who has become painfully snappish towards the audience since the change. If that old lady were privately remonstrated with and paid a small compensation—say out of the Dramatic Fund—to keep up her spirits during the performance of "*Leah*," the pleasure of a large portion of the Adelphi audience would indeed be unalloyed. The Lyceum box-keepers have resigned themselves to the change, and, so far as we have known them,

are civil and obliging. An expression of placid wonder comes over them when money is offered; and though they do not reject it, it is taken more out of deference to ancient superstition on *your* part than out of any desire of theirs. Instancing the Adelphi and the Lyceum as favorable specimens of the new dispensation, we may instance Drury Lane and the Princess's as the worst specimens of the old.

Drury Lane most especially. The boxkeepers at that time-honoured and conservative theatre revel in all the privileges of pampered menialdom. They are exacting; they are insolent; they are noisy during the performance; they are insufferably contemptuous towards their very patrons. They would appear to possess a lien on opera glasses, from the pertinacity with which they force a pair on you. You may go three or four nights running to the same performance (one *can* go three or four times to see "*Henry IV.*"); and on each occasion a bill and a tip are the essentials. We have a mass of anecdotes in our remembrance of the rudeness and familiarity with which frequenters of the Drury Lane Theatre are accosted by the boxkeepers. A gentleman informs us that, one Saturday evening, he went to the boxes and bought a playbill; and on the following Monday he went again. Finding the old bill in his coat pocket, he naturally declined purchasing a fac simile. "Better have a bill, sir; every gentleman takes a bill," said the boxkeeper pushing after him. "Thanks, no," he replied, "I got one here the last night——" "Oh, it couldn't a been last night, sir, 'cause last night was Sunday," was the insolently familiar reply, made for the edification of two or three of the fellow's friends, who laughed approvingly. In the upper boxes—first circle—lively discussions were carried on in the lobbies during the most mournful parts of "*Manfred*," and at this day interrupt *Lady Mortimer's* sweetest notes. Remonstrances on the noise are useless; a waggish boxkeeper will reply with a wink to his colleagues, "'Tweren't *me* making the disturbance, sir; it was a elderly gen'lman in a white choker who's gone downstairs." The Princess's Theatre is a worthy disciple of its elder. "The least thing a gentleman can do, when he gets in for nothing, is to buy a program," observed one of the gentry some time ago to a literary gentleman. Considering that to attend and report on theatres is sometimes the business and not the pleasure of life, the usual honorarium for a bill, if invariably exacted, becomes a serious item of expenditure.

But it needs no argument to expose the fallacy of the system: the evil speaks for itself. In its present unmixed state it cannot last much longer; it must either be promptly checked and reformed, or it will result in alienating public support from those theatres where abuse is most glaring. People do not car for bad old institutions now-a-days, and no longer offer the excuse for a corruption that it has existed for a length of time. If it have existed for a length of time, they say, so much the worse for the length of time; away with it now. People have lately wakened to the fact that a great many nuisances not to be tolerated longer are to be found in our theatrical system, and their consciousness of this preludes a loud cry for their removal. Let them go; and first of the exodus let that false system be, which, by letting and subletting posts about the box-lobbies, maintains, to the public discomfort, a world of greediness and extortion and impertinence and infinite annoyance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC PARIS.

VII.

On Friday evening last week, Mdlle. Sax made her first appearance as *Valentine* in the "*Huguenots*." Villaret, who was to have sung with her in the *reprise*, was unable to do so from illness, and had, in fact, gone to Provence for a little country air. The success of Mdlle. Sax was satisfactory enough—her timidity being, perhaps, the only bar to a complete triumph. As it was, she was "called on" three times in the course of the evening. Compared with Mdme. Gueymard in the same part, she stands thus—inferior in her lower register, superior in her high notes. Faure, Gueymard, Belval, and Cazaux, were in the cast. Mdlle. Mourawief, the Russian *Ballerina*, is to make her *rentrée* in "*Giselle*"—a two-act ballet by MM. Ludovic Halévy, Meilhac, and Saint-Léon. The rehearsals of the new opera, "*Roland à Roncevaux*," are well advanced, and it is hoped it will be produced before the end of May.

The imperial permission has been accorded for a benefit performance, to be given at the theatre of the Imperial Academy of Music by the leading artists of Paris, in aid of the funds of that Institution.

At the Italien the two events of the week have been the reproduction of "*Un Ballo*," and Patti's benefit last Friday night. Of the first we have the most satisfactory accounts. It will be recollected that M. Bagier put on this opera at the beginning of the season, and the only thing that saved it then from utter failure was the singing of Fraschini. Now, M. Bagier has managed to give that great artist the surrounding of an excellent cast, and the opera has this time gone off bravely. Agnesi and Antonucci, artists of the first force, were added to the list, and, with Fraschini and Delle-Sedie, made a strong bill. Delle-Sedie surprised his admirers with the vigorous manner in which he sang his part. Could it have been expected, ask Messieurs the critics, that a voice so apparently delicate possessed such robust power? His singing of the cavatina in the fourth act was very fine. Of the ladies, Mdme. de Méric-Lablache played *Ulrica*, and Mdme. Charton-Demeur brilliantly filled the *rôle* of *Amelia*. Her beauty, exquisite quality of voice, her dramatic force, her natural tears—all conspired to make out of that sufficiently thankless part a great and wonderful creation of genius. If Mdme. Penco has been surpassed, and, of consequence, supplanted in her favourite part by the Charton-Demeur, Mdlle. Battu has certainly not been in like manner ousted, to the thinking of the Parisians, by the new page (*Oscar*), Mdme. Caldéron. She has a good range of notes, and considerable fire, but somehow or other makes no effect in her *scène*. "*J'ai rarement vu* (says *Le Ménéstrel*, in a philosophical way), *une plus jolie femme à qui le sourire aille moins bien.*" And so Mdme. Caldéron does not please so well as Marie Battu, who is certainly a sympathetic singer, whatever we at Covent Garden may think of her *Adalgisa*. The Empress "assisted" at this representation of "Un Ballo" at the Italien, a house she has largely patronised during the season.

Bettini, the tenor, has been singing as *Almaviva* with acclamation, a success naïvely attributed by one journal to the circumstance of his just having been presented with a little Trebelli. The Patti benefit (by the way the *enfant gâtée* has again signed articles with the Italien) received, as might reasonably have been anticipated, a tremendous ovation. The following bulletins, issued during the performance, will give our readers some idea of the way in which the adorable Adelina is received on a benefit night:—

THÉATRE ITALIEN, 8.30 p.m.—House crammed. Dresses dazzling, but quite snuffed out by the marvellous robe worn by Patti. It is a *chef d'œuvre* of Worth's! Excerpt from "*Don Pasquale*" going on. At the first notes of *Norma*, bouquets! Triple success of the Woman! the Comedian!! the Singer!!! Inability of Delle Sedie, Scalese, and Bettini to carry off the nosegays.

9·30 p.m.—Bit of "*Don Juan*." Patti as *Zerlina*. Set-in rain of bouquets. Delle-Sedie magnificent in the serenade.

10·30 p.m.—First act of "*Traviata*." Patti in a ravishing ball-dress. The orchestra stops to applaud. Much rain—of bouquets.

11.30 p.m.—Duo going on from "*L'Elisire d'Amore*," between Scalese and Patti. Avalanches, siroccos, and hailstorms of bouquets. The house, generally, reduced to a state of frenzy.

The receipts amounted to over 15,000 francs (600*l.*), the greatest pecuniary success of the season. Boschetti is still dancing in "*La Maschera*." At Cannes a wretched tight-rope dancer, a woman, has fallen on the stage of the theatre and killed herself.

Concerts thicken in the Parisian *salons*. Eugene Ketterer, M. Sighcelli, M. A. Thurner, M. Leboue, Alfred Jaell, and a host of *sidera minora* have all been shining forth in their private spheres of friends.

The "*acte de décès*" of poor Franz Schubert—that gifted composer who died so young, and of whom it may be well said

> —— his vermeil-laden boughs
> Promised to Autumn apples juiced and red,
> But never came to fruit——

has turned up and has been printed. Read its translation, oh virtuosi, oh music publishers, oh philanthropists—it will not take up your charitable attention long:—"F. Schubert died at Vienna, 19th Nov., 1828, aged 32. He was unmarried, and lived with his brother, a schoolmaster. His entire property, personal and otherwise, that he left behind him, was as follow:—3 coats, 3 overcoats, 10 pairs of trousers, and 9 waistcoats—total value, 3 florins; 1 hat, 5 pairs of shoes, 2 pairs of boots—total value, 2 florins; 4 shirts, 9 cravats and handkerchiefs, 13 pairs of socks, 1 bedclothes, 2 coverlids—total value, 8 florins; several MS. lots of music valued at 10 florins (!)—grand total, 23 florins." Hear this, O England!—This gifted creature who created "The Wanderer" and the "Erl-King," and a host of beautiful things for you as for all the world of mind, not to mention his exquisite inventions in concerted chamber music, too little known—this gifted man died worth about two guineas of your money, and his scanty funeral, we gather from the *acte de décès*, cost double that. Who should repine at his lot—however obscure and unheeded—after this?

M. Salvador Daniel lately published, in French, a work entitled "Arab Music." In this publication the following passage occurs:—"One can say, guided by history, that the ornate style has always been pre-eminently the style of the orientals and particularly of the Jews. In order to show the large share which the latter had in propagating and preserving the florid style, we will only cite two facts—one we borrow from ancient, the other from contemporary history. The ornate chant was introduced into Greece at the time of Plato, says Aristides Quintilian, by a Jewish singer, Timothy of Miletus. When the Emperor of the French visited Algiers, a Jewish singer was selected from among many others to sing Arab airs before him on account of his eminent talent. It may therefore be averred without paradox, that the ornate chant is better in its place as a local characteristic in the mouth of the Jews, the Egyptians of Moses, and the Babylonians of Semiramis, than in that of such personages as Barbier and Count Oru."

An improbable comedy, with hardly sufficient plot to furnish the barest of farces that Brough and Halliday in their emptiest mood might produce, is running at the Vaudeville, under the title of "*Aux Crochets d'un Gendre*," from the pens of MM. Barrière and Thiboust. The comedy has something in its construction which reminds one of the same author's former piece, "*L'Infortunée Caroline*," of which it is evidently a remodel. It has, however, one excuse the less for its poverty than its predecessor had: it has one act more. The first act contains the strength of the whole play, which is written with a view to exhibit the family discords which are likely to subsist between father-in-law and son-in-law. *Monsieur* and *Madame Fontelais* are a happy young couple, who, coming home from a ball at five in the morning, are just going to bed, when a ring is heard at the door. It turns out to be *M. Beljambe*, father of *Mme. Fontelais*, who rushes in with a long face and informs his daughter that he has come from Havre expressly to tell her that he has lost all, and is ruined, but that it is of no consequence, and he knows he only inconveniences her and her husband, and would on the whole prefer to be despised. His affectionate daughter refuses to take him at his word, and insists that he shall share her and her husband's home. She is on the point of going to his hotel to find her mother and sister,

whom *M. Beljambe* has left there; when they suddenly come in one side, and *M, Fontelais* enters on the other. Naturally disconcerted, he does not much press his hospitality on his esteemed father-in-law; but his wife insists on their putting up then and there. In the middle of their discourse another ring is heard (it may be about six a.m. by this time); and *Père Beljambe* opines it must be his good friend *Moutonnet.*' And so it proves, for the good friend *Moutonnet*, of Havre, having heard that *Beljambe* had fled from ruin, felt himself called upon to follow and console him, and with this intention has tracked him from place to place, and now enters with his son *Onésyme.* He offers him bed and board, which *Beljambe* regretfully declines, as what would his son-in-law say? And then again—ah grand heaven! how is it possible that one put to the door a friend so cherished, so amiable, as this good *Moutonnet*? For *Beljambe*'s part, he feels that it would be insupportable to separate himself from his old companion, and since his dear son-in-law has accorded to him the hospitality, without doubt he will extend it in favour of his intimate. Short and good—or bad—*Moutonnet* and his thickheaded son take up their abode in *Fontelais's* house, and the rightful owner is driven out with a carpet-bag to seek refuge in the first hotel, when the actdrop falls.

This improbability is carried on throughout the entire comedy, the remaining two acts of which are devoted to the elaboration of the son-in-law's miseries. *Moutonnet* and his son are wild exaggerations of mortal stupidity. Nothing but a sparkling dialogue saves the piece; and people laugh at the wit, while the acting lasts, and go home and find fault with the plot. It is well played by the company at the Vaudeville; Felix, Delannoix, Parade, Saint-Germain, and Ariste, form a stock which it would be difficult to equal in Paris, and the female department is satisfactorily made up by Mesdames Lambquin, Cellier, Brémond, and Laurence.

The Théâtre Déjazet has a trifle spun out into three acts, called "*Le Dégel.*" It turns on the thawing of winter's snows and the thawing of a cold heart. A young nobleman of the court of Louis XV. has sworn never to love. A light oath, and apparently easy to keep; for we are introduced to a skating scene in Switzerland, with "real ice" evidently—a triumph over managerial hydrophilists in London. So long as the frost lasts, the hero's resolution is firm, but spring comes, and in the spring a brighter Iris coming on the burnished dove is logically followed by a young man's fancy fulfilling the purposes of creation. As the French papers pathetically observe, "hearts melt with the snow of winter."

The Comédie-Française has lost a good *jeune premier.* Some time ago, there was a little discussion about an admission into the partnership of the Comédie, the *sociétariat*, as it is called. The theatre was called upon, about three months since, to vote on the admission of two *sociétaires*, and the minister proposed Mdlle. Riquier, while the committee named MM. Coquelin and Worms. The nomination of Coquelin was accepted, but Worms was put off from time to time, and the excuse given was that he was too young. He happened to be ten years older than Coquelin, but it was mere equivocation to argue like that: he *was* too young, and should not get in. So Worms remained out in great disgust, and in a short time a brilliant offer came from Russia—an offer of fabulous terms, people say. Worms accepted, and then the minister came round, too late, and confirmed his nomination. But the clever walking-gentleman had flown to St. Petersburgh, where they estimate ability at a higher price than at the door of the Comédie-Française.

CONTINENTAL JOTTINGS.

VIII.

Herr Grill, despite a certain appositeness in his chirruping name, finds little favour in the ears of the Berliners—of the critical Berliners, at least. At his last performance he appeared in "*Masaniello.*" Now, says Berlin, we never expected Grill to be able to sing *Masaniel'o*; and yet Berlin is angry that he did not sing it to everybody's satisfaction. Berlin had heard Hagen in the *rôle*, and on that occasion had pronounced a fresh voice, a refined study, and an interesting *physique*, to be the absolute essentials of *Masaniello*, and Grill has none of these. When he sang the duet with *Pietro* he showed no intensity; when he came to the "Slumber Song" there was a sad deficiency of vocality, which was shown lamentably in the piano passages. His action was in no respect removed from the ordinary level; it was motionless and inartistic. Thus discontented, Berlin calls pathetically for a tenor with a voice, since past experience has been of voiceless singers altogether. Formes leaves the Königliches Opernhaus on the 1st May with a pension, and will *gastiren* in strange places. Formes was not an unqualified favourite, and people begin to get sated with vocal storms and tempests, and long for quiet and operatic harbourage. Lucca and Bost have taken their leave of "*Die lustigen Weiber*" for the season; and the "*Zauberflöte*" has once more appeared, as well as the ballet "*Esmeralda,*" in which Frl. Morlacchi has made a great success. She enchants her admirers through the senses, say the Germans, who, however, do not object to be enchanted through the senses, but think it rather pleasant. A grave correspondent of the *Signale* enters a mild protest against Giuseppina Morlacchi's charms. "A delicately slim form, with a lively expressive face margined with brown hair—a face to which the eyes lend life—is the whole of a vision *more elegant than dazzling.*" Then all we can say is, we don't so much care for the dazzling.

The Brousil Family at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater are not doing so well as they ought, for their ability is universally recognised, and they have been before the amiable King of Prussia at a Court concert. The press speak most highly of Bertha Brousil, and one paper says "she forms an important link in the not small chain of violin virtuosi." It is rather a heavy metaphor; but we know what the German gentleman means. The new operetta, "*Prince Eugene,*" which was brought out in this theatre on the 8th for the first time, is intensely weak, and merits universal condemnation. "In every number," say the critics, "it bears its *order* on its breast"—a joke by the way which exists not in the minds of the critics or in their language, but is too tempting not to be made in English. In fact it was written to order, and the critics say that a label to that effect can be almost deciphered in every piece. The libretto is weak as the music is poor, which is so far satisfactory, that neither poet nor musician can accuse the other of having ruined the opera, and the poor librettist will at least be spared the contumely that is heaped on our own despised authors by lordly artists. A Friedrich-Wilhelmstadtischer Sims Reeves would be compelled to sing his own version of the music as well, if he exerted his authority in "*Prince Eugene.*" The artists who support it do everything to make it go; Frauen Härting and Limbach and Herren Lang, Leszinsky, Schindler, Siegrist and Hassel are clever artists, who would support any piece and render it successful were it not intrinsically worthless; and its worthlessness may thus be argued from the fact that even with them it hangs wretchedly.

Strauss from Vienna is charming Berlin audiences with his lively Viennese art. Court and fashion patronise him, and he reigns in the royal concert saloons, sacred to classicality and oratorio. Prussian classicists (for there *are* people in Germany, more perhaps than in England, who sacrifice to musical Moloch) shake their heads sadly at the idea of Strauss invading the holy place with waltz music. "For the sake of the object," writes the *Neue Berliner Musikzeituug*: the object was the benefit of the fallen in Schleswig-Holstein, of course—"for the sake of the object may the locality be approved, else were we compelled to protest against the fact that in our magnificent saloons, consecrated by the production of classical works, dance-music is brought to ear!" But the merry Viennese life shone out in his art, and the Berliners were struck and applauded vehemently, as in Strauss's compositions the old refrain seemed realised and brought before them, "*Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt, es giebt nur a Wien!*"

Opera had got very low in Vienna, and its supporters began to think of total abstinence in connection with it, and to wonder whether there were any teetotallers in music. But of late the "*Barbiere*" has given opera a kind of fillip, and Desirée Artôt warms hearts in the Treumann-Theater. Her *Rosina*, they say, is something to see and gasp at, when she introduces the rather meagre banquet of the "*Barbiere*" with "Rode's variations" and our old friend "Il Bacio" as side-dishes. Everardi is a very decent *Figaro*, and Fioravanti's *Bartolo* is already known at the Carl-theater. *Almaviva* was done by a *débutant*, Guidotti, who, says the *Signale*, belongs to the minor prophets. Altogether, Frl. Artôt has made an impression in Vienna, which has induced overtures and propositions that she should remain there for some time to come.

As Mdlle. Tietjens is in London, and not in Naples, it is quite concordant with continental information that a story of her sojourn there should just be going the round of the European press. The press of the continent are seldom *au courant* in events less than a month old; hence the story. Once upon a time the Neapolitan public felt themselves hurt at Tietjens. The fair artist seems to have been somewhat disappointed with the welcome accorded her at San Carlo in "*Norma,*" and coming to the footlights, she plainly told the audience so. The journals did not approve of this proceeding, and expatiated strongly on Mdlle. Tietjens, who humbled herself. A letter from her to the *Patria* was the consequence, written in the following terms:—"Sir, The injurious words, which in a moment of emotion escaped me at the last representation, were addressed to two or three persons in the *parterre*, and not to the public, whom I profoundly respect, and to whom I am indebted for the marks of sympathy which they have lavished on me for two years."

"*Faust*" flourishes at Turin, and was chosen for the annual representation at the Reggio for the benefit of the poor. It is the only opera which has this year succeeded in Italy, and always fills the theatre. Mdme. Vandenhaute is spoken of in warm terms, when she sings the part of *Margherita.* Mdme. Lagnier, pianiste and singer, has achieved great success in Turin, and attracted the notice of the court, and the King sent her a handsome bracelet with diamonds, accompanied by a very flattering letter, expressive of the high opinion he entertains of her abilities. Apropos of Italy an absurd *canard* went the rounds of Milanese circles for some time, until it was authoritatively contradicted. A young singer, Mdlle. Paoli, says the falsehood appeared, at Milan in March. At first the public applauded her and recalled her; but as time wore on, the applause became less frequent. One evening she went on before a cold audience. Not a hand was raised to greet her, and at one time evident marks of disapprobation were shown. At last, during the strongest of these, the young cantatrice fell on the stage in a swoon; and when they raised her, they found her—mad! All of which would be deeply tragical, if it were not a lie.

Another story, different in character but equally unreliable, is told by the *Messager d'Odessa.* Not long ago "*Un Ballo in Maschera*" was announced at the theatre there for the first time. On the night of the performance and towards the end of the opera, the doors were invaded by a crowd of masquers and people in fancy dress, who insisted on passing the checktakers, and crowded into the theatre. It turned out that the Odessians read the playbill literally, and actually took the opera for a masked ball.

OPERA HOUSE SALARIES.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra.*

SIR,—I am a musician engaged in the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. I am engaged for the season at a not very large salary, which is paid at the end of every month. I have several mouths to feed, and my salary is an object with me, and is not the less welcome that it is earned with hard labour. Will you credit, however, that at the end of each month, *one eighth of my salary is retained in the hands of my chief*, and that the excuse given is that it is kept as a pledge of my good faith? A pledge of my good faith indeed! The best proof that I have kept faith with my employers is that I have earned my money, is it not?—and the greatest inducement to continue in good faith is that my money will not be paid unless it is earned, is it not? On what grounds then do they venture to retain what is due to me, and retain it week after week until my engagement terminates? Say I earn 2*l.* a week; in a month eight pounds is due to me; I have earned it; and I get seven—the remainder being held back in hostage! Wherefore such paltriness, such injustice, you ask? Why, Mr. Gye has the use of my money and my colleagues' money during the time, and the interest of the aggregate—the interest of an expenditure of 200*l.* or so nightly—is something considerable to Mr. Gye.—Yours obediently,

VIOLA.

REVIEWS OF PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Routledge's Shakespeare. Edited by H. STAUNTON. Illustrated by JOHN GILBERT. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Part I.

The first fivepenny part of this edition of Shakespeare, containing a portion of "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," is well worth its moderate price. The illustrations of John Gilbert—the most appropriate artist both for style and execution that could be procured to illustrate Shakespeare, except perhaps Tenniel—are in Gilbert's best manner. The likenesses are preserved throughout, and that well-bred, haughty, gentlemanly stamp, which the artist knows how with a few touches to create, marks those characters who are gently born. A frontispiece is given with the part, and there is a vignette to nearly every page. The print and paper are both good, and the commentaries (printed at the bottom of each page, a much preferable mode of annotation to the glossary at the end of many Shakespeares) are really instructive, and exhibit great research on the part of the commentator. We may instance the following. *Speed*, carrying *Sylvia's* glove, meets *Valentine*—

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

A Shakespearean joke, which would be unintelligible to most readers, did not the commentator explain that *on* and *one* were pronounced alike in the poet's time—both being called as if written *own*. A running fire of explanation, equally useful, is kept up throughout the play.

The Tercentenary of William Shakespeare. By Messrs. MOSES & SON.

An advertisement, of course, but a clever advertisement, in the form of a pamphlet, in which every line of Shakespeare that relates or even alludes to dress is collected for the justification of Messrs. Moses. That the pamphlet is well written is scarcely due to the abilities of Messrs. M., for we do not suppose they are the actual authors of a work which quotes Schlegel and Göthe, and criticises Carlyle. We do not howeve rapprove of converting Shakespeare into a dummy figure, to stand at the door of Moses and Son, in cheap slops of the nineteenth century.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Remarkable Recovery.—Mr. Gamis, chemist, Yeovil, writes that a lady, residing in that town, had for many years been severely suffering from indigestion and liver complaint, for the relief of which her medical man told her he could do nothing further. Unnerved by this announcement, she sought sympathy from friends, one of whom recommended Holloway's Pills, which were at once procured. The invalid carefully attended to the accompanying directions, took the Pills, and soon perceived a change which equally astonished and delighted her. She gradually got quite well. Pains in the side, heaviness in the head, confusion of thought, giddiness, and low spirits, and many other sufferings indicative of disordered liver, can be dispelled with ease and certainty by this medicine.

Provincial.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

MANCHESTER.

APRIL 21ST.

On Monday evening, the celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary was begun by the production of "*Romeo and Juliet*" at the THEATRE ROYAL. The acting edition was discarded, and the text with certain necessary omissions strictly adhered to. The greatest pains had evidently been taken to render the play worthy the occasion. New and beautiful scenery, dresses, and appointments, lent their powerful aid to give life and reality to the romantic history of the world-famed lovers. Mr. Wybert Rousby enacted the part of *Romeo*, and with an excellent conception of the part. This was occasionally marred by a stilted style of declamation. We hope he will correct this during the ensuing nights of the week, and then little fault can be found with his impersonation of the youthful *Montague*. Mr. and Mrs. Calvert were warmly greeted on their appearance. As *Juliet*, Mrs. Calvert was most effective in the tender and pathetic passages, she earned a large amount of applause by her careful and intelligent rendering of the precious gems with which the text is studded. Mr. Calvert as *Friar Laurence*, the Franciscan, was the good genius of the scene. He delivered his reverend exhortations with the measured cadence of an ecclesiastic; still through the solemn tones there shone the kindly feeling of a large-hearted being whose mission was peace on earth, and good will towards men. The fiery *Tybalt* was well represented by Mr. G. Sinclair, who imparted a chivalric bearing to the character. Mr. H. Irving as the witty *Mercutio*, acted with dash and spirit, and was much applauded in the famous Queen Mab speech. *Benvolio*, a more important character than is usually shown to the audience in the acting editions of the play, was capitally given by Mr. F. Everill. All praise to the *Nurse* and *Peter*; nothing could have been better than the way in which these two parts were performed by Mrs. Raymond and Mr. H. Thompson. The costumes were elegant and appropriate, and some parts of the scenery perfect pictures: to wit, a square or place in Verona, comprising a view of the Roman amphitheatre, for which that city is famed. The feud of the rival houses of *Montague* and *Capulet* was represented to the life, the retainers of each falling to with a will, with falchion and buckler, and the citizens with clubs and bills mingling in the fray, realising a perfect scene of the battles of the rival factions, when it was the pride and fashion to keep the crown of the causeway. The vizarded guests at the feast of the Capulets danced a minuet of quaint grace, the scene lighted by flambeaux held by the numerous retainers. In *Juliet's* garden we are introduced to a fine effect of moonlight, playing through the spray of a dancing fountain on to the balcony of the fair Veronese, and the flowers and creeping plants with which it is profusely bedizened. The church-yard scene, with the tomb of the Capulets, the Scagliari monument, cloisters and crosses, and a most brilliant moon, is most artistically composed and painted, and elicited rounds of applause. The house was well filled, and there were many recalls.

LIVERPOOL.

APRIL 21.

We have been busy this week only with preparations for the celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, and announcements of forthcoming concerts. On Friday evening, a soirée will be given at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, consisting of a promenade concert, an exhibition of literary treasures in connection with Shakespeare, and a series of tableaux.——For Saturday evening, a concert is announced, the artists being Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. W. Harrison, Signor Marchesi, Madame Marchesi, M. Lotto, the violinist, and Mons. G. Pfeiffer.——And on the 30th inst., Master William Pape, with Mr. Fleming West, will give a Pianoforte Recital in the small concert room, ST. GEORGE'S HALL.——Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton have this week produced a new comic opera, "*Nothing venture, nothing have*," with Donizetti's music, and for the 22nd and 23rd, they announce a new *apropos* sketch, entitled "*A Manager in difficulties*," with all the music of "*Macbeth*," in which they will be assisted by a chorus from the members of the Liverpool Musical Society. We hope to speak fully of both pieces next week.

The performances, &c., which compose the Tercentenary celebration occur so late, that we are compelled to confine ourselves simply to the program.—The *plèce de résistance* is the Mayor's Shakespearian ball at St. George's Hall—of course a very excellent affair. About 3000 invitations were issued, and about 2000 guests are to be present. The entertainment being private, we are not at liberty to criticise, even if we wished to do so. But it is impossible to refrain from entering a protest against the invasion of our city by London "costumiers." These individuals, who are Hebrews, and Hebrews of the noisiest and greasiest character, seize upon the Mayor's guests and transform them into anything—from a friar to Julius Cæsar—at any price from thirty shillings to ten pounds. Moreover, they are insolent and dirty, and seem to possess an odic property by which they compel their victims to accept whatever is offered to them, although the dejected wretches are quite aware that it is not what they want, and does not in the least suit them. We saw one little man, who weakly hoped to conciliate his captor by smiling civility, and then obtain possession of a pair of silk tights in place of the fusty cotton abominations which the Hebrew had apportioned him. "Silk tights, sir? Silk tights is all gawn, sir, since Toosday last; we ain't got a pair left, sir; but of course you ken ev em, but we must horder em down from town, sir; which, nevertheless, *these* belongs to your costoom, sir." "Yes; but don't you think they will look coarse?" "Coarse!" (the very contemplation of the idea renders the Hebrew cataleptic with astonishment) "why, bless your soul, them's the very finest as is worn. Coarse! why, goodness me! tights as Fekter himself would be proud to ev on his legs! Silk tights, sir, is never worn; they don't belong to the period of the costoom, and would look hodd, if nothing worse." Here the odic power is brought into play—and the little man, ashy at the thought of looking worse, submits. He goes to the ball, and we trust, while dejectedly brooding over his amber limbs' finds a melancholy comfort in the conviction that Fekter, in his circumstances, would have been a proud man.——In point of interest the Shakespearian Soirée ranks after the Mayor's ball. This, however, consisted of such a hopeless muddle of tableaux, ghosts, music and recitations, that we must defer our notice of it to that convenient period—next week.——At the theatres (gratuitously opened to the public by the mayor) the following pieces will be performed on Friday evening:—THEATRE ROYAL, "*Much Ado about Nothing*," with Miss Kate Saville as *Beatrice*.——AMPHITHEATRE, "*Hamlet*," with Miss Marriot and the Sadler's Wells company.——PRINCE OF WALES, "*Hamlet*," with Mr. Alfred Wigan, who has "specially studied the part for the occasion."——ADELPHI, "*The Winter's Tale*.——COLOSSEUM, "*Macbeth*."——In addition to these performances we have, of course, been overwhelmed with Shakespearian readings, concerts, entertainments, recaittions, orations, lectures, *und so weiter*. Even Christy's Minstrels have taken the mania, and revel in Shakespearian music. We have not been to hear it, so that we are, perhaps, better than we might have been.——On Friday the actors engaged in Liverpool meet at a supper, to celebrate the event. Mr. Alfred Wigan and Mr. Alfred Whitty occupy the chair and vice-chair respectively.

HULL. April 16th.—On Friday evening, April 16th, the Pyne-Harrison and Lotto party, gave a concert in the PUBLIC ROOMS, Garratt Street. The program might have been better, and but for one redeeming point must have proved a very tame affair. The great attraction of the evening was undoubtedly Lotto, the violinist, whose vigorous style and correct intonation was most warmly appreciated by the large audience assembled. We cannot consider him equal to the Belgian, Vieuxtemps, though superior to many we have heard. He received an encore for his admirable rendering of "*Di tanti palpiti*," substituting for it the everlasting "*Carnival*." Miss Louisa Pyne although a consummate artist, failed to arouse the wonted enthusiasm of the Hull people; her voice appear to have lost its freshness, and the predominant feeling of the audience was certainly that *La Catarina* of former days was failing; and though the reception given to an old and deserved favourite was enthusiastic, the disappointment felt by many was equally great. Of Mr. W. Harrison, however much the scene and dramatic effect of an opera on the stage may render his singing passable, in a concert-room it is unbearable; his coarse style and nasal twang are so frightfully apparent that you wonder how his singing could have been tolerated in the principal London theatre so long. Signor Marchesi in the buffo portion of the concert was excellent, and gained many admirers; but in the aria from "*Le Nozze*" he was not at home, the

composition being too much for him. Madame Marchesi, a very pleasing contralto, executed her portion of the program with artistic skill. Of Mons. Pfeiffer, very little can be said beyond an accompanist; that part of his duty was neatly done, but his solo playing and selection of music must be put down as on a small scale.

[We give this paragraph *in loco* of a number of other provincial notices of the Pyne-Harrison-Lotto tour, as it is just, and expressive of the general feelings of the various audiences who have assembled to hear these artists. The business has been remarkably good.—ED.]

SCOTLAND.

APRIL 21.

EDINBURGH.—At the THEATRE ROYAL, as we said last week, the principal attraction has been Miss Helen Faucit's Shakespearian characters. To give any adequate idea of Miss Faucit's acting, unless the reader has seen her, is far above our powers, and we shall content ourselves with saying that, for grace of action, power of expression, faultless enunciation, a most musical voice, and thorough appreciation of the characters she undertakes, she stands above any criticism. The verdict of the public has long been pronounced upon her—we have only to echo it—and to pronounce her the best Shakespearian actress now on the boards. Her two finest characters are, we think, *Rosalind* and *Juliet*, though to choose, when all are perfect, is to make comparisons where none exist. On her benefit night the house was so crowded, that the orchestra had to be sent behind the scenes, and people took their places. Miss Faucit's popularity in Edinburgh and Glasgow is creditable alike to the talent of the actress and taste of the people. Mr. Edward Saker's benefit took place on Wednesday in last week. He had a very fair house. The pieces played were "*The Octoroon*," part of "*Othello*," and a farce, "*Jenny Lind*." Miss Fanny Edwards also sang a couple of ballads rather well. Mr. Saker spoke a farewell address of considerable pertness, written for him by Mr. Henry Clarke—and the performances were decidedly successful. Mr. Saker's retirement from the Edinburgh stage will be felt by the playgoers here, for as a low comedian he displays talent of a high order, and will doubtless receive the welcome in the provinces he so assuredly deserves.——A great part of the company of the Theatre Royal, which closed on Saturday, are going to open next week in Dundee. Mr. Lyons is to undertake the management, and under his bâton we feel sure all things will go well. Miss Bessie King, Mrs. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lyons, and Mr. Edward Saker are the principal features in the bills; they are efficiently supported by other well-known members of the company lately in Edinburgh, and will, we trust, have a successful season. The Theatre Royal will be re-opened in a fortnight, or thereabouts, by Mr. Pitt, from Sheffield, as we said some time ago.——At the PRINCESS's the chief attractions lately have been the celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary by a series of tableaux, and the prize poem, offered some time ago by Mr. Paterson. "*Romeo and Juliet*" has also been produced, Mr. Sheridan as the hero, and Mrs. Moorhouse as heroine. The gods were appreciative, and the pit satisfied. Can we say more?——A performance is going on at the OPERETTA HOUSE which was advertised thus: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."—*Times*. On such a subject we are silent. There is no more news. To-morrow is fast-day, and we are going out of town, so the brevity of this letter must be excused.

GLASGOW.—At the monster concert for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Sam Cowell (comic vocalist) took place in the City Hall on Tuesday evening. The artists who took part in it gave their services gratuitously, and as their number was legion, and their abilities various and excellent, the hall was well filled. We subjoin the following rather lengthy program:—

Scottish Song—"Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," Mr. P. Sturrock.
Song—"Softly sighs" ..... Miss E. Montague.
Ballad—"Come into the garden, Maud" ..... Mr. Farrant.
Song—"The Three Fishers" ..... Miss Helen Kirk.
New Song—"Fashions" ..... Mr. F. Sadlier.
Scottish Song—"Caller Herrin" ..... Miss Macdonald.
Original Negro Song—"The Old Boy's Opinion" Mr. C. Brown.
Serio-Comic Song—"The Volunteer" ..... Miss Harrow.
Scena—"The Ship on Fire" ..... Mr. S. Ray.
Reading—The 4th Act of the "*Merchant of Venice*," Miss Murray.
New Comic Song—"The American General" .. Mr L. Lindsay.
Comic Entertainment ..... Messrs. Dempsey and M'Guinness.
Scottish Song—"Macgregor's Gathering" .... Miss K. Foster.
Medley—"Musical Age" ..... Mr. W. G. Ross.
Reading—"Virginius" (*Lord Macaulay*) .... Mr. H. B. Bland.
New Ballad—"The Soldier's Last Words" (*Fulcher*). Mr. J. Fulcher.
Irish Song—"Tipperary Dan" ..... Mr. Gilroy.
Old Favourite—"Edinbro' Ale" ..... Mr. Lloyd.
Comic Song—"Isabella, the Barber's Daughter," Mr. Stephenson.
New Song—"Bonnie Scotland, I adore thee" .... Mr. Willey.
Comic Song—"Riding down the Green Lane" .. Mr. Dolphin.

Miss Helen Kirk was, of course, the bright particular star of the evening, and sang "The Three Fishers" in her usual tasteful manner. Miss Murray (daughter of the late W. H. Murray, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh), made her first appearance in Glasgow, in the capacity of a public reader. Her reading of the 4th act of "*The Merchant of Venice*" was listened to with great attention; her voice, however, is too thin for so large a hall. The other artists were all very good, the comic element, however, being predominant. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Willey were unfortunately prevented from appearing by their professional duties. The concert was, we were glad to see, very well attended. A second grand Scotch night took place in the City Hall on Saturday evening, the artists being much the same as on the former concert. The principal feature of the evening was the reading of selections by Miss Helen Kirk and Mr. W. Scott from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," which they rendered with considerable force and feeling.

The Shakespearian drama has been reigning triumphant at the THEATRE ROYAL this week, Mr. Talbot (the new tragedian) taking greatly in his impersonations of Shakespearian character. On Wednesday "*Macbeth*" was the play selected, with Mr. Talbot as *Macbeth*, and Mr. M'Lein as *Macduff*. Mr. Talbot's *Macbeth* is one of the finest ideals of the character we ever remember seeing; but there is not a little of the Charles Kean element about it. Mr. M'Lein's *Macduff* was not much to boast of; and Mrs. Vandenhoff, in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, was altogether out of her element. "*Hamlet*" was played on Thursday; and Mr. Talbot's *Hamlet* was another legitimate triumph. Mr. M'Lein, as the *Ghost*, was very mediocre; but Mrs. Walter Baynham made an excellent *Ophelia*. We have never brought ourselves to the belief that Mr. Alexander is much of an actor, but we could have scarcely believed that he would make such a fool of himself as he did in the part of *King Claudius*. There was as much kingly dignity about his performance as one might expect to find in the classical regions of the "Sautmarket," not of Walter Scott, but of the present day. For heaven's sake, Mr. Alexander, if you have no pity on yourself, do take some on your suffering hearers, and do not cause the spirit of William Shakespeare to rise in judgment upon you for so mutilating his productions. "*Still Waters run deep*" was the principal feature in the program of Friday, Mr. Talbot performing the part of *John Mildmay* in an easy, gentlemanly manner that we have never seen surpassed. Mr. M'Lein was also worthy of commendation in the part of *Capt. Hawksley*; while Mrs. Baynham was as loving a *Mrs. Mildmay* as one could wish for. On Saturday "*Macbeth*" was repeated, and on Monday, "*Hamlet*;" and here a word on Mrs. Vandenhoff's costume in the "Churchyard scene." In the days of King Claudius's reign we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that black lace shawls were in vogue. We may be mis-informed, but we cannot think that it was so. "*Macbeth*," owing to its great success, was repeated on Tuesday with Locke's music and the beautiful scenic effects formerly produced. The audiences have been very good. On Wednesday Mr. Talbot will appear in the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's play of "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*;" and on Thursday, on the occasion of his benefit, the character of *John Mildmay*, in "*Still Waters*," and *Claude Melnotte*, in the "*Lady of Lyons*." "*The Ticket-of-Leave Man*" is to be revived on Monday next, with, of necessity, Mr. T. H. Glenny, as the Portland hero. The new burlesque of "*Ixion*" is also, we believe, in preparation.——The Shakespearian Tercentenary Festival at the CITY HALL on Saturday promises to be of more than usual interest, from the nature of the program. Professor Nichol has consented to deliver an address in the course of the evening. Miss Glynn (the celebrated tragedienne) will read selections from "*Macbeth*." Locke's music will be sung by a chorus of forty voices. Mr. Harcourt Bland and Miss Helen Kirk will give selections from "*As You Like It*," "*The Tempest*," "*Love's Labour's Lost*," "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," &c., interspersed with songs from the various plays, by Miss Campbell (soprano), Miss Helen Kirk (contralto), Mr. J. P. Willey (tenor), Mr. Duncan Smyth (basso), and Mr Lambeth will preside at the organ. With this attractive bill of fare the entertainment is sure of success.

DUNDEE.—The following program is in honour of the Shakespeare Celebration to be held within the CORN EXCHANGE HALL, Bank Street, on Tuesday next, April 26th. The admixture of addresses with concert music and Shakespearean readings is very characteristic. To the Scottish mind, "pleasure never was designed to make religion less."

Address—"The Moral and Religious Influence of Shakespeare's Writings ..... Rev. George Gilfillan.
Reading—"The Fall of Wolsey" ..... Henry Nicholls, Esq.
Song—"O, happy fair" ..... Mr. Inkersall.
Song—"Where the bee sucks" (*Dr. Arne*) .. Mrs. Sunderland.
Reading—"Dogberry and Verges" ..... Mr. Nicholls.
"Breathe soft, ye Winds" ..... Choral Union.
"Glorious Apollo" ..... Ditto.
Song—"Sigh no more, ladies" ..... Mr. Inkersall.
Address—"The Drama as a Source of Pleasure," H. B. Fergusson Esq.
Song—"Oh, bid your faithful Ariel fly" (*Linley*), Mrs. Sunderland.
Reading—The Trial Scene from the "*Merchant of Venice*," Mr. Nicholls.
Canzonet—"She never told her love" (*Haydn*), Mrs. Sunderland.
Reading—"Hotspur and Falstaff" ..... Mr. Nicholls.
Song—"Under the greenwood tree" ..... Mr. Inkersall.
Duet—"I know a bank" .. Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Inkersall.
"When shall we three meet again" ..... Choral Union.
Finale—"God save the Queen."

IRELAND.

APRIL 20TH.

DUBLIN.—The second concert for the season of the University of Dublin Choral Society was given on Monday evening last, the 18th inst. The chief feature of the evening was Mr. Macfarren's serenata, "The Sleeper Awakened." If it be any satisfaction to the great and truly English composer of this work, he may rest assured of possessing the highest possible respect and admiration of all true lovers of the "divine art," both professional and amateur, in this part of Her Majesty's dominions. We regard him as the type of what a purely English composer should be, working to form an individual and distinctive school belonging to the language in which, and the nation for which, he writes, separating himself from other systems except in the profound musical learning which should belong to all. A concert of the inmates and students of a learned university is an appropriate occasion to introduce the works of such a master, and the committee of this union frequently give the performing members the advantage of practising, and their auditors the pleasure of hearing, the productions of Mr. Macfarren. Unfortunately on this occasion the orchestral parts could not be obtained, as (according to a notice at the commencement of the books) "they had been mislaid by the London agent from whom the society have obtained them on former occasions." Dr. Stewart, therefore, accompanied the work on the pianoforte, introducing as much as possible the orchestral effects, with all of which he is thoroughly acquainted. It would be quite unnecessary here to enter into a critical notice of the merits of this or any work of Mr. Macfarren's, all of which the English public have stamped with their high approval, and are justly proud of. The principal parts were sustained by Miss Julia Cruise, Mr. Topham, and Mr. Richard Smith, all of whom were in excellent voice, Miss Cruise rendering every possible justice to the touching arietta, "Forget me not," as well as in her parts in the duets and trios allotted to her, although in some instances too low for her pure soprano. Mr. Topham gave the well known ballad, "She is not here," which a morning journal considers "one of the most exquisite cantabiles ever penned," with judgment and pure taste. Mr. Richard Smith, in the song or serenade, "Oh, listen, dearest," gave proof of his full appreciation of the composer's inspiration. The choruses and concerted pieces were, without exception, well and carefully done, more particularly the trio accompanied by a distant chorus, as heard from the mosque, which the above named journal asserts "as a composition would confer honour upon any composer, native or foreign. The second part was miscellaneous, containing Victor Masse's "*Air du Rossignol*,' from "*Les Noces de Jeannette*," which Miss Cruise sang to perfection, aided by the flute obbligato of Mr. Reilly, of the Theatre Royal orchestra. Three pieces from Dr. Stewart's cantata of "A Winter Night's Wake," viz., trio, "Ah, the heart will bear no schooling;" duet, "Hey day! what are you doing there?" and a jolly song and chorus, "Hey for the greenwood," were performed with the life and spirit which the composer intended, himself conveying his intention with his *bâton*. Miss Ellen Walker, a mezzo soprano (we believe from Leeds), sang Sir Henry Bishop's pretty echo song, which pleased so much as to call forth an encore, when a repetition of the second movement took place. A capital song from the pen of the composer of "*Il Bacio*,"—our friend Arditi—was sung with dash and character by Mr. R. Smith. The very excellent words of the song which is entitled "The Stirrup Cup," are written by Mr. H. B. Farnie; they are purely lyrical, and quite calculated to inspire the brain of the talented conductor of Her Majesty's

has united them to happy and appropriate notes. The never ending "*Chi mi frena*" concluded a very interesting concert at about eleven o'clock. Mr. Sarkin's numerous pupils gave him a grand complimentary concert on Tuesday evening. The hall was crowded with a highly fashionable audience. The Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, several members of their family, and the secretary, Mr. Michael Angelo Hayes, were present. The selections were most attractive, containing classical and popular pieces in great variety. "By the Waters of Babylon" was sung by a full choir with a sweetness and pathos that it would be difficult to surpass. The national song of Poland was given with great spirit. The song of "Leah" was sung by one of the pupils with much feeling. The last verse in particular produced much effect from the tender and pathetic manner of its delivery. One of the principal pieces of the evening was the old Scotch air "The Hundred Pipers," a song composed by Mr. Sarkin. "Farewell" was done every justice to by the young lady who sang it. Some excellent examples of sight singing took place. William Scribble, Esq., recited a poem of his own, glancing at the principal events of the day, which created much amusement, and is about to be published. The concert altogether was most successful, creditable alike to pupils and master.

At the THEATRE ROYAL, the "*Colleen Bawn*" still increases in attraction; the fourth week is now in progress, and houses crammed. It would have "gone" another month. Mrs. Boucicault takes her benefit on Friday evening.——The Misses Nelson continue to draw well at the QUEEN'S with "*Ill Treated Il Trovatore*."——Newsome's Circus at the ROTUNDA has gained much public favor, judging from the full attendances.

BELFAST.—A grand miscellaneous entertainment is announced in the MUSIC HALL, for Saturday evening next, in honor of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare, the proceeds to be devoted to aid the funds of the Printers' Pension Society.——In the ULSTER HALL there will also be a grand Musical Tercentenary Celebration, consisting of the music of "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*The Tempest*," glees and part-songs by Bishop, Macfarren, &c.; also a prologue set to music by Dr. Chipp, to be performed by Members of the Anacreontic Society, the Classical Harmonists' Society, and the Vocal Union. Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Edeson, Mr. Loveday, Mr. George Washington, &c., have promised their co-operation and assistance. The chorus will consist of 200 performers. The solo vocalists are Mrs. Reville and Mrs. Harper. Conductor, Dr. Chipp.——Two pieces will be recited at the MUSIC HALL on Saturday evening, in competition for the prizes offered by the *Northern Whig*.

CORK.—Elated by the lavish encomiums of the local press on their last performance, the members of the Amateur Society treated their fellow citizens on Tuesday evening last, in the THEATRE ROYAL, to a second representation of "*The Lady of Lyons*, succeeded by the farce of "*The Two Pots*." As we have already fully commented on the performance of the former play by the members of this Society, it is unnecessary to say anything further concerning it, except to add that the second representation has only confirmed us in the opinions which we then expressed as to the inability of the performers decently to portray the characters of this drama. The farce of "*The Two Pots*" was extremely successful, peals of irrepressible laughter resounding through the house from the rising to the fall of the curtain. This success was principally due to the admirable acting and make-up of Mr. Conroy as *Peter Pott*. This young gentleman is by far the best amateur low comedian we have ever seen in Cork, and he will be of the greatest possible assistance to this Society. We have but to hope that ample scope will be given to him for the display of his really great comic talents in the production by the Society of some comedies and farces. We fear, however, that such a sensible course is far from their intentions, as it is said that their next production will be one of Shakespeare's tragedies—"*Othello*" is the one mentioned—a piece of foolhardiness which can have but one result—inevitable failure. Of the other characters in the farce the prompter was the most prominent, a fact which speaks volumes for the comic powers of Mr. Conroy in having made the piece pass so successfully under such trying circumstances. The house was crowded to excess, and the charity in whose aid the performance was given must have been considerably benefited by the proceeds. The band of the 20th Depôt Battalion attended, and made the intervals between the acts pass over rather agreeably than otherwise.——There will be no commemoration of the Tercentenary Festival here, to the disgrace of the important and populous city of Cork.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Foiled on almost every side, the Stratford committee have somehow or other struggled through a program, and now offer the following entertainments for the delectation of the public:—

The festivities will be opened on Saturday, the poet's birthday, with a grand banquet, at which the Earl of Carlisle will preside, and many distinguished persons have notified their intention to be present. During the dinner we understand Dr. G. W. Leitner, Professor of Arabic at King's College, will present an address to the corporate authorities of Stratford from the German nation. The address will be illuminated and illustrated by scenes from the works of both Shakespeare and Göthe. In the evening there is to be a grand display of fireworks by Darby. On Sunday it is not at all improbable that either the Archbishop of Dublin or Bishop Wordsworth will preach in the church.

On Monday morning at noon, the "*Messiah*" is to be performed, the principals being Mesdames Parepa and Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Santley, and Mr. T. Harper (trumpet). Band and chorus is to consist of 500 performers, and the conductor will be Mr. Alfred Mellon. On Monday evening, at seven o'clock, there is to be "a grand concert" of music associated with words from Shakespeare, Mme. Parepa, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mme. Arabella Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Santley taking the leading parts. The orchestra is to comprise 120 instruments, and Mr. A. Mellon is again to be the conductor.

On Tuesday morning it is arranged there shall be an "Excursion to Charlecote." In the evening, at seven o'clock, "*Twelfth Night*" will be represented by the company of the Theatre Royal Haymarket. The following is the cast:—*Orsini*, Mr. Howe; *Sebastian*, Mr. Weathersby; *Antonio*, Mr. Braid; *Roberto*, Mr. Walter Gordon; *Cario*, Mr. Clark; *Valentine*, Mr. Worrell; *Sir Toby Belch*, Mr. Rogers; *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, Mr. Buckstone; *Fabian*, Mr. W. Farren; *Clown*, M. Compton; *Priest*, Mr. Cullenford; *Officers*, Mr. Coe and Mr. James; *Olivia*, Miss H. Lindley; *Viola*, Miss Louisa Angel; *Maria*, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. After the comedy Mr. Sothern (*Lord Dundreary*), will appear in a new farce, the title and nature of which is to remain a secret until it is produced.

Wednesday was to have been the "*Hamlet*" night, but two other plays have been substituted by Mr. Vining, of the Royal Princess's Theatre. They are "*Romeo and Juliet*" and "*The Comedy of Errors*." *Juliet* is to be played by Mdlle. Stella Colas, and it is hoped that Mr. Walter Montgomery may be there to play *Romeo*. The secondary characters will be played by Mrs. H. Marston, Mr. J. Nelson, Mr. Vining, Mr. D. Fisher, Mr. Forrester, and others. In the "*Comedy of Errors*" *The Antipholi* will be represented by Mr. Vining and Mr. Nelson. *The Two Dromios* by the brothers Webb. Miss C. Carson, Miss H. Howard, and Miss E. Barnett are also cast in the piece.

On Thursday morning a concert of instrumental music and glees from the plays of Shakespeare will be given in the Shakespeare Rooms, and in the evening at seven "*As You Like It*" will be played at the Ampitheatre. As Miss Helen Faucit has thought it right to withdraw at the last hour, *Rosalind* will be played by Mrs. Vezin (Mrs. Charles Young). The other characters will be represented as follows:—*Celia*, Miss Rebecca Powell; *Phebe*, Miss Bufton; *Audry*, Miss Charlotte Saunders; *The Duke*, Mr. J. Bennett; *Jaques*, Mr. Creswick; *Amiens*, Mr. W. H. Cummings; *Orlando*, Mr. W. Farren; *Adam*, Mr. Chippendale; *Touchstone*, Mr. Compton; *Le Beau*, Mr. Belford; *Oliver*, Mr. R. Dolman; *Wrestler*, Mr. H. Payne. The play will be produced under the superintendence of Mr. Creswick.

On Friday evening the great Tercentenary celebration is to be brought to a close with a grand fancy dress ball.

The Great Pavilion, under whose spacious dome the major part of the entertainments of the week are to take place, is an immense wooden structure, standing on Mason's Paddock, at the corner of Southern's-lane, near the church, in which Shakespeare lies buried, and consequently near the Avon. Exteriorly, there is nothing remarkable about it excepting its extreme ugliness; but, passing up the broad flight of stairs that leads into the interior we find ourselves in the topmost gallery of an immense amphitheatre, well arranged, well lighted, well ventilated, and, considering its temporary character, very handsomely decorated. Standing in the centre before us is the stage, and behind the orchestra. On either side, behind a circular colonnade of pillars, rise tiers of seats for the auditors and spectators, arranged in two rows, one above the other, after the fashion of the lower and upper boxes at an ordinary theatre. That portion of the audience seated here, therefore, will be in a position either to see the play or hear the music, as the case may be. Those who have tickets for the front places, however, will have to change from place to place. During the play they will occupy the orchestra, and during the musical performance it is probable they will occupy the stage, while the floor audience will in the morning turn their backs upon the stage, and in the evening face it. The "house" will seat five thousand. The stage is spacious and well arranged, and will be fitted with the Haymarket scenery. Altogether the Pavilion does credit to the enterprise of the committee, who laid out some 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* upon it.

The Shakespeare Hall has undergone considerable alteration. The piazza has been taken into the main building, and a large hall, running the whole length of the ground floor, has been thereby obtained. Here will be held a Shakespearean fancy bazaar. Upstairs the two back rooms have been thrown into one, and the large apartment thus obtained opens into the grand hall through a triple arch, supported on Corinthian columns. And here will be exhibited some three hundred Shakespearean paintings, comprising, we are told, the cream of no less than fifteen or twenty of the best English galleries.

LIVERPOOL.—We (*Liverpool Albion*) touched in one of our former articles on the extensive festive arrangements made by our worthy Mayor, whose wide-spread hospitality will impress the Tercentenary on the memory of high and low. The principal feature consists in a soirée to take place on Friday next at St. George's-hall, and this, according to our opinion, will prove the point in which the interest of our upper and middle classes will centre. The proceedings will open at nine o'clock with a concert, instrumental and vocal compositions in favour of Shakespearian creations by the most renowned masters, forming the groundwork. At eleven o'clock the small concert-room will be thrown open, when, by the assistance of the modern invention of the "Ghost Illusion," which Mr. Heath has kindly placed at the disposal of the committee, reality in the literal sense of the word will be given to the ghost scene in "*Hamlet*." To vary the awing influence of this representation, the amusing sketch, as given by command of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the Polytechnic Institution, London, entitled "The Bewildered Sculptor; or, the Frolics of Cupid," will be given by the same agency, which will show in conclusion the bust of Shakespeare, crowned with a wreath of laurels by Thalia and Melpomene. After which the principal feature of the evening, "The Tableaux," will be entered upon. To represent these with every guarantee of success that painstaking and indefatigable care, research, and judicious expenditure of money, excellent stage arrangements, and splendid dresses, as well as a liberal assistance of our Liverpool theatrical managers and artists could command, has been the grand endeavour of the committee. The different categories of Shakespeare's plays will be brought before the public by five scenes selected from his greatest works, as types of the five classes into which they may be divided. To close these representations, an allegorical tableau will show Shakespeare supported by Science, Art, and Commerce, and surrounded by the representatives of Tragedy, Drama, Historical Play, Spectacle, and Comedy. To conclude the whole, Streather's band will form into an orchestra, and the enjoyment of the terpsichorean art will be offered. It is intended to introduce a novelty into this, by the substitution, for one dance, of voices for the instruments, with, no doubt, as delightful as it will be an invigorating effect. We believe that pretty valse, "*Il Bacio*," has been selected.

BRISTOL.—The "Shakesperian" performance will take place on Saturday, when will be presented illustrations from "*As You Like It*;" "*Midsummer Night's Dream*;" "*Julius Cæsar*;" "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*;" and "*A Masque*."—This is indeed "A feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit reigns." On Monday Mr. Sothern appears for the night only as *Lord Dundreary* and *Bunkum Muller*.

[ADVT.] The number of patients relieved at the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, 67, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, was 123 during the week.

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